

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

EARL OF ROSSLYN MARRIED TO A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN ACTRESS.

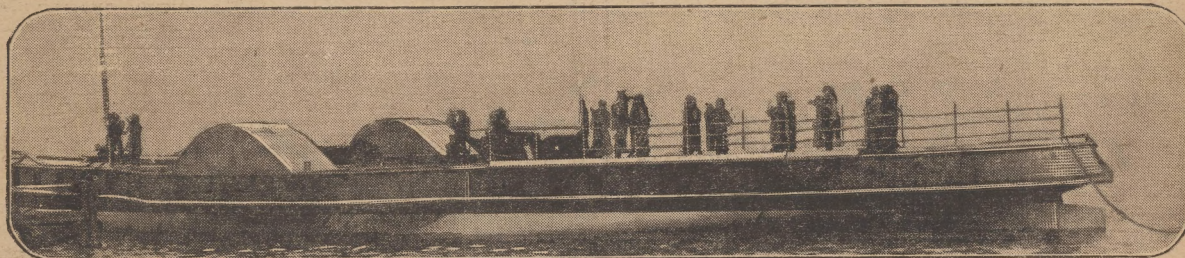


The Earl of Rosslyn, who has acted under the name of "James Erskine," and also been an editor, war correspondent, and advertisement canvasser, has been married to—



—Miss Anna Robinson, the beautiful actress, who came from America about four years ago and has since appeared on the London stage.—(Ellis and Walery and Lallie Charles.)

LAUNCH OF THE FIRST LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL STEAMER.



The first of the fleet of steamers which the London County Council is having built for service on the Thames has just been launched by the Thames Ironworks Ship-building Company, but her appearance gives little promise of her being much more comfortable than the old type of steamboat which the new fleet will replace.

HULL FISHERMEN COMPENSATED FOR INJURIES INFLICTED BY THE BALTIC FLEET.



Arthur Rea, second engineer of the Crane, who received £400.



Albert Almond, trimmer of the Crane, who received £300.



John Nixon, chief engineer of the Crane, received £500. He is seen here with his infant son.



William Smith, skipper of the trawler Crane, who received £2,018.



Joseph Smith, son of the skipper of the Crane, whose claim was for £250.

MADDENED BY STARVATION.

Fleeing Russians Rob and Burn as They Go.

KUROPATKIN'S WISH.

Would Rather Serve with Linievitch Than Interview the Tsar.

The beaten Russian army has thrown discipline to the winds, and has turned to indiscriminate robbery and rapine.

The line of retreat is marked by burned buildings and plundered booths.

Desperate from starvation, the soldiers have even stopped trains and stripped them of everything eatable.

The Russian rearguard has been reported twenty-five miles north of Tieling, and still moving north. Conflicting reports are to hand concerning General Kuropatkin, but the weight of evidence points to his having preferred to serve under General Linievitch rather than return to St. Petersburg.

GENERAL CUT OFF.

Rennenkampf and His Cavalry Said To Be Surrounded at Tieling.

PARIS, Tuesday.—A private telegram from Harbin to the "Petit Parisien" is to the effect that heavy firing has been heard to the south of Tieling.

As the Japanese are now pressing the Russians some miles north of Tieling, it is stated that the only explanation of this cannonade is that General Rennenkampf's division, which formed the extreme left of the Russian defence, has at length arrived at Tieling, the place given as the rendezvous in case of retreat, but only to find it occupied by the Japanese.

It is consequently feared that this force is surrounded.—Exchange.

SOLDIERS TURN ROBBERS.

Half-Starved Horde of Fugitives Plunder All Alike for Food.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" telegraphs that the situation of the army in Manchuria is deplorable in the extreme.

In the rear of the army follows a horde of haggard men to the number of nearly ten thousand, half mad from starvation and fatigue, who in their eagerness for food rob all alike.

To the south of Harbin several trains have been robbed by soldiers driven to such excesses by their sufferings.—Central News.

COSSACKS LOOTING AND BURNING.

KAOPTATZ (via Tientsin).—A Norwegian trader who accompanied the Russian retreat states that at Tieling the Cossacks looted the traders' booths and sold champagne for a rouble (2s.) a bottle, while they smashed and burned everything they could not sell. They caught a Japanese spy and killed him, and were shot themselves a quarter of an hour later.—Reuter.

KUROPATKIN'S NEW COMMAND.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—No official announcement has yet been made regarding the appointment of General Kuropatkin to the command of the First Manchurian Army, but telegrams from Manchuria speak of his request to remain at the front, even in command of an army corps, and it is believed here that he has actually taken over General Linievitch's former command.

The same telegrams state that General Linievitch has inaugurated his reign as Commander-in-Chief by reducing his general staff.—Reuter.

ARREST OF WARSAW SCHOOLBOYS.

WARSAW, Tuesday.—The school strike continues, and scarcely any boys are attending the classes. The senior pupils have posted themselves as pickets in the neighbourhood of the schools, and are preventing the other boys from entering. The police to-day began to clear out the pickets, and arrested 128 boys in the course of the morning.—Reuter.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to pressure on our space we are compelled to hold over several columns of advertisements.

RUSSIA AND PEACE.

M. Witte's Request for an Interview with Viscount Hayashi.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The "Matin" to-day publishes an account of an interview with Viscount Hayashi, Japanese Minister in London, who is represented as stating that when in Berlin he was asked by M. Witte, president of the Russian Council of Ministers, for an interview in order to discuss peace.

Viscount Hayashi, according to this story, agreed to the interview, but M. Witte returned to St. Petersburg without pursuing the pourparlers.—Reuter.

On inquiry at the Japanese Legation yesterday the "Daily Mirror" was informed that Viscount Hayashi had not yet returned to London. Consequently it was not possible to obtain confirmation or otherwise of this report.

PORT ARTHUR TREASURE.

Although Nogi Missed the Gold, the Money Goes to Japan.

Russian prisoners of war in Japan have been making remarkably unrestrained comments on the fall of Port Arthur.

Many of them claim, says the "Times" correspondent at Tokio, that the garrison could have held out for another month, which would, they say, have cost the Japanese 15,000 further casualties.

The most remarkable feature about the Russian prisoners is their possession of ample funds.

Probably an explanation may be found in the fact that the sum lying in the public chest when the fortress capitulated did not amount to £20, although about £350,000 had been conveyed thither a short time previously.

General Nogi's staff were disappointed in not being able to include a substantial amount of gold among the spoils catalogued, but present appearances indicate that the money will remain in Japan all the same.

LIBERALS AND "THE TRADE."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman Modestly Desires to Avoid Controversy.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, replying to a deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance, the National Temperance Federation, and other bodies, which waited on him at the House of Commons, on the subject of temperance legislation, said that ever since he had been in the House of Commons he had made it an invariable practice to vote for any Bill that might hinder or restrict opportunities for drunkenness.

The first and most urgent thing they had to do was to repair the damage which that Act had done. They had to restore to the local licensing authority the full power and discretion it possessed and to extend those powers considerably.

The next thing was to impose a limit of time to the artificial provisions of the Act. He was not going to pronounce any opinion at the present because it was not necessary. It would not be becoming of him to attempt to enter upon some of the more controversial points which had been raised.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HOLIDAY.

Still suffering from the effects of a cold, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who was accompanied by his wife and youngest daughter, left Charing Cross yesterday afternoon for a few days' rest at Folkestone. It is hoped that both Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will be able to throw off in the sunshine of the Leas the depressing effects of their attacks of influenza.

QUICK-SERMON RECTOR.

The commission appointed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells to inquire into the conduct of the Rev. G. H. Smyth-Pigott, rector of Kingston Seymour, Somerset, have decided that, by haste and want of reverence, he had inadequately performed the services.

They also found that he had neglected to search for the sick and poor, to use public and private munitions for their aid, and to make himself an example and pattern to his flock.

LORD ANGLESEY'S RESTING-PLACE.

Application has been made to the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield with reference to the burial of the late Marquis of Anglesey in the famous Paget vault in the cathedral.

All holders of the title, except the late Marquis's father, are interred in the Paget vault.

Leaving an eleven months old baby in the arms of a young lady, who was sitting in the waiting-room of the Leeds New Joint Railway Station, to take care of for a minute or two, the supposed mother went out and did not return. The baby is now in the workhouse.

QUEEN LEAVES VIGO.

Her Majesty Sets Out in Stormy Sea for Lisbon.

The royal yacht, on which the Queen has been kept captive in Vigo Bay for hours by the fierce storm raging on the coast of Galicia, entered that port yesterday.

All on board were well, says Reuter. The Queen was received by Spanish officials, whom she presented to the two Princesses. The royal party left for Lisbon in the afternoon. The weather was still stormy and foggy.

King Edward remained indoors yesterday, and was visited by Princess Christian, who remained to luncheon. The announcement that his Majesty intends to hold a Council on Monday indicates that he will leave town shortly.

NIGHT SEARCH FOR VICTIMS.

Heartrending Spectacles at the American Factory Wrecked by Explosion.

Pitiful scenes continue to be enacted at R. B. Grover's shoe factory at Brockton (Mass.), where many persons were killed on Monday by one of the most disastrous boiler explosions of recent years.

The mayor (says Reuter) is personally directing the search for the bodies, and the sad work will be continued night and day.

Of the bodies recovered only seven have been identified, and (according to the Central News) all the remains are in fragments.

It is thought that about sixty people have perished.

FREEDOM FOR SIPIDO.

Rumour of the Coming Liberation of King Edward's Would-be Murderer.

There is a report in Brussels, says the Central News, that the King of the Belgians will grant a free pardon to Sipido, the boy who fired at King Edward at the Northern Railway Station in Brussels in 1900.

The occasion would be the festivities connected with the celebration of seventy-five years of national independence.

Sipido recently, at the age of twenty, became liable to conscription for the army, but an order was issued forbidding his admission to the ranks and confirming his imprisonment.

FUTURE JACQUES II.

M. Lebaudy Expecting an Heir to His Empire of the Sands.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Having contracted a morganatic marriage with a beautiful brunette, Mlle. Delierre, who was at one time a novice in sacred orders, the Emperor of the Sahara, otherwise M. Jacques Lebaudy, is at present expecting an heir to his dignities and glories.

The Emperor some time ago decided that his morganatic consort should repair to Switzerland to avoid the question of the nationality of the Imperial babe.

Whatever the sex of his offspring, his Imperial Majesty will recognise it as his lawful heir, the Sahic law not having been proclaimed as yet over the wide realms of the Sahara.

The happy event is expected early in May.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN SPAIN.

The Duke of Connaught will arrive in Madrid to-morrow, when King Alfonso will meet his guest. The programme for the visit includes a gala dinner at the Palace, and there will probably be excursions to Aranjuez and the Escorial.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Coal, it is announced, has been discovered at Pont a Mousson, in France, in close proximity to the Eastern Iron Mines.

Twelve persons have been killed and many injured in a fire-damp explosion in the Drenkova coal mine, near Budapest.

Whilst playing with his brother, Stanley Clement Humphreys, an Edmonton child, was killed by falling on a stick, which entered his eye and pierced the brain. The inquest was held yesterday.

Mr. Fred Titus, ex-cycle champion, from whom Miss Edna May has only recently obtained a divorce, was married on Monday to Miss Maud Harlow, an actress, who says she taught Miss Edna May to sing.—Laffan.

M.P. VOTES IN HIS DRESSING-GOWN.

Mad Rush from Bathroom to Government Lobby.

"SNAP" THWARTED.

A fierce outburst of Party passion, consequent upon an attempt of the Opposition to bring off a snap division, and the Government's efforts to checkmate the Liberal move, was yesterday relieved by an amusing incident.

Mr. Lough, in Committee of Supply, had moved to reduce by £200 the vote of £12,500 to meet the cost of the Whitaker Wright prosecution, with a view to discussing the conduct of the Attorney-General.

As members were passing through the Lobbies to the faithful division distant shouts of ironical laughter were heard in the Chamber. Presently the tall form of a Unionist member in a long brown dressing-gown, fastened tightly round his throat, appeared behind the Speaker's chair. It was Mr. Forde Ridley, the member for South-West Bethnal Green.

The hon. member had been enjoying his afternoon bath when the tinkling of the division bell temporarily cut short his ablutions, and compelled him to rush to the Government Lobby in little more than slips and dressing-gown.

GRATEFUL COLLEAGUES FULL OF ADMIRATION.

Mr. Ridley's Party loyalty was scarcely necessary, since the Government majority leapt up to 64, but his prompt response to the call of the Government Whips gave much satisfaction to Ministerials.

As he modestly sat in his bathroom garments on the bench beneath the Press Gallery Mr. Ridley was quickly surrounded by grateful Ministerials, and more than one patted him admiringly on the back as he passed furtively back through the corridor to complete his toilet.

After moving the reduction of the vote, Mr. Lough refrained from making a speech, and the Liberals, being in a large majority, sat in silent expectation of a Government defeat.

But Sir Frederick Banbury, the Government "blocker," had been forgotten. Amid a storm of Radical protests the elect of Peckham discussed the motion in a ten-minutes' speech.

SIR H. "C.B." ANGRY.

Sir Henry Fowler banged the table. "The hon. member is not speaking to the question," he said. The Chairman ruled against him.

This was too much for "C.B." Trembling with wrath, he bent across the bar.

"In all my experience," he said, quivering with indignation, "I have never seen more gross obstruction—Radical chicanery and waste of public time. (Opposition cheers.) The reduction had been moved to enable the Government to give the House some information, but instead of doing so they encouraged one of their supporters to occupy the time allotted to the House for the discussion of the Estimates. The House was muzzled! (Radical cheers.)"

The half-hour's recriminatory talk served the purpose of the Government Whips, who emerged triumphant with a majority of 64.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Members Protest Against Guillotine by Forcing Many Divisions.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—A dull and uneventful day, with practically nothing to relieve the monotony.

An attempt by Mr. Atherton Jones and others to revive interest in the Beck case by means of a demand that his claims should be further considered did not receive any very hearty support from the House, the general feeling apparently being that the Treasury had dealt with him as fairly as possible under the unfortunate circumstances.

Under the operation of Mr. Balfour's new closure motion, all discussion on Supplementary Estimates came to an end at half-past five, and for considerably more than an hour afterwards members amused themselves by walking through the division lobbies on every occasion on which a vote was put from the Chair.

There is much talk to-night among tariff reform members as to the course they ought to be adopted to-morrow night on Mr. Ainsworth's motion regarding Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals.

The fact that Mr. Chamberlain is away is making it exceedingly difficult for anything like a unanimous decision to be arrived at as to the proper course to take.

Mr. Henry Chaplin has turned up at the House to-day, and, as he is one of the most prominent protectionists, it is possible that, in the absence of Mr. Chamberlain, he will act as temporary leader.

Opinion seems to be divided as to whether the Government should take a line of their own with regard to the resolution, or whether they should leave their supporters free to vote as they please, and treat the motion as of purely academic interest.

EARL OF ROSSLYN MARRIED.

Miss Anna Robinson Becomes the
Actor-Peer's Countess.

STAGE ROMANCE.

The Earl of Rosslyn, a man of many surprises, has astonished the world once more. He has married the beautiful American actress, Miss Anna Robinson.

The announcement in the "Times" came as a complete surprise, even to his friends. It merely said:—

The Earl of Rosslyn was married to Miss Anna Robinson yesterday, and the Earl and Countess have left London for the Continent.

This is not the first time he has been married. His earlier Countess was a Miss Violet Vyner, who belonged to a well-known Lincolnshire family. Their wedding took place in 1890, and a few years ago they were divorced.

He has a son and heir, Lord Loughborough, a boy of twelve, born two years after he married Miss Vyner.

A Mixed Career.

It is difficult to know what attitude to take up in regard to Lord Rosslyn. A few days ago his friends were offering him their sympathy because, now that he can no longer be secretary to Mr. Graham Murray, he had to go back to "hard work" on the stage. Now they are offering him their heartiest congratulations, and he is spending a second honeymoon in Paris.

It was his passion for racing that brought him into trouble. He made and lost enormous sums; but he ended by losing more than he made. With the traditional brown bowler-hat, the traditional frock overcoat, note-book, and field-glass, Lord Rosslyn was a changeless feature of all the races in England. At every race-meeting he was to be seen making his plans in a cheery voice, and watching them fail with equanimity.

With an equanimity no less decided, he endured bankruptcy. He appeared with liabilities of £168,622 in dull law courts, and protested that he had acted for the best.

Then he determined to earn his own living. He answered innumerable advertisements first. He was modest in his pretensions. He wanted simply to be a poor City clerk with 30s. a week. But thousands of others wanted the 30s. as much as he, and every time one of them, who knew more about book-keeping and business, was preferred to him. After trying, with little success, one or two other careers, he ventured upon journalism.

A Picturesque Journalist.

He made an extraordinarily picturesque journalist. As the editor of "Scottish Life" he worked in a mean street off the Strand all day. In the cool of the evening, when the mean street became too repugnant to him, he would withdraw to Hyde Park, and be seen, reclining under a tree, smoking cigarettes, while he corrected some of the innumerable proofs which whitened the grass around him.

At the same time his famous stage experiences began. He went to Sir Charles Wyndham, who has to interview about one hundred applicants to a stage career every day, and asked to be given a post. Sir Charles was not enthusiastic, but he sent the courageous bankrupt on to Mr. George Alexander, and he, happening to know that Mr. Pincro wanted a "walking gentleman" for his "Trelawny of the Wells," sent him in turn to Mr. Cludleigh of the Court Theatre, where "Trelawny" was being rehearsed.

Mr. Pincro was there introduced to Lord Rosslyn, and, as he is a capital teacher of acting, he was able, without much difficulty, to coach Lord Rosslyn into playing what was practically a piece of his own life on the stage.

He was given £20 a week to make up for the nuisance of "painting" his face and putting on "strange clothes" every night. He had also, it is said, a commission on every seat he sold to his smart friends.

His Doings at Monte Carlo.

After acting in several other plays without much success, Lord Rosslyn began to weary of the stage, and returned partly to journalism, partly to fantastic schemes for breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. Then he took up secretarial work under the then Secretary for Scotland, Mr. Graham Murray. It may have been at Monte Carlo that Lord Rosslyn first met the charming Miss Anna Robinson. She was seen a great deal there last year. She is not nearly so well known over here, indeed, as she is in Paris and New York.

In New York her dresses and the ability she has displayed in smart society parts are famous. She has also acted in French, for she speaks French perfectly, and has a large circle of friends in Paris.

In England we had an opportunity of seeing her, a few years ago, in Mr. Carton's play, "The Undercurrent," at the Court Theatre. It is to be hoped that Lord and Lady Rosslyn will appear together in a play to suit them both in London.

PLOVERS' EGGS.

Unobtainable a Few Days Ago, They
Are Now Three Shillings Each.

Plovers' eggs, in which there has been a famine in London for the past few weeks, have arrived in town at last.

The gourmets, who were plunged into even deeper gloom by the shortage of caviare last week, have once more resumed their accustomed good spirits now that that succulent dainty, the speckled, greenish-brown egg, is to be had.

It was only on Monday that they came into the market, and London was the first place to receive supplies.

The *Daily Mirror* set out yesterday afternoon to buy some plovers' eggs, and, stopping first at Messrs. Bellamy's, in Jermyn-street, there saw the little moss baskets studded with rosettes of scarlet and yellow, which always loudly announce plovers' eggs.

But, alas, on closer inspection they were found to be empty.

However, it was found the eggs had just been sold at 3s. apiece, and the glad news was that to-morrow they would be even cheaper.

At Messrs. John Bailey's, in Mount-street, there were nine plovers' eggs waiting to be sold at 5s. 6d. apiece.

"On Monday they were 15s. each," said a polite saleswoman, "but, of course, that was the first they were in. Now they will get cheaper every day, and ought to be fairly plentiful."

The mild week-end has been the chief factor in bringing plovers' eggs into the market and joy into the houses and to the palates of bon vivants.

VOTED IN HIS DRESSING-GOWN.



Mr. F. E. Ridley, M.P., whom the division bell summoned from his bath to vote for the Government yesterday.

LORD ROBERTS OPTIMIST.

Are Our Military Methods as Good as Those
of the Continent?

"I have been to Potsdam, and I do not think the boys there have any better training than those at Woolwich," said Lord Roberts, presiding over a meeting at the Royal United Service Institution, convened to hear an address by Colonel A. M. Murray, R.A., late Assistant Commandant of the Royal Military Academy, on "A comparison between Continental and English military methods." "Still," said the Commander-in-Chief, "there is room for improvement in our system in some ways. We cannot have our officers too well educated if they are to be efficient for their work. I have often felt shocked at some of the examination-papers I have seen. Games are the greatest test of character, and should be encouraged, and, above all, training in the use of the rifle should be given."

Colonel Murray, in his address, said he thought it would be convenient in the public interests to call attention to the unsatisfactory position of the civilian instructors employed at Woolwich and Sandhurst, as compared with the position of their Continental brethren and of their own military colleagues.

£40,000 IN LEGACIES PAID TO-DAY.

The executors of the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, of Birmingham, will to-day pay legacies, which become due six years after the testator's death at Jerusalem in 1899, to the amount of £40,000 to charitable institutions.

The London Temperance Hospital will receive £10,000, the Birmingham General Hospital £5,000, the Birmingham Eye Hospital £5,000, and Friends' Foreign Mission Association £5,000, among other bequests.

M. JULES VERNE ILL.

How the Famous Writer Produces
His Thrilling Novels.

TWO STORIES A YEAR.

The news that the famous French author, Jules Verne, is seriously ill will be received with sincere regret by thousands of people in this country as well as in France.

His novels have been as popular among English readers as in his own country. Who does not remember reading with spell-bound delight "Five Weeks in a Balloon," "Round the World in Eighty Days," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and the rest of his thrilling romances, in which such wonderful things happened and were so cleverly related?

Altogether he has written just over 100 books, though not quite all have been published. For many years he went on producing stories regularly at the rate of one every six months. His habits of work were most methodical.

At his fine house in Amiens, between Paris and the coast, he used to rise every morning soon after four. He was at his desk by the time the clock struck five, and he worked away until eleven.

A Vegetarian Meal.

Then he had dejeuner, usually a vegetarian meal, and devoted the rest of the day to recreation with Madame Verne, a charming old lady, who is devoted to her distinguished husband.

M. Jules Verne was born as long ago as 1828, so he is now close on seventy-seven. He was brought up to be a barrister, but he soon took to writing plays. With these he did not have much success. When he was about thirty-three he wrote "Five Weeks in a Balloon," and instantly became a popular author.

After that his publisher insisted upon his keeping to the same vein. "Labour on this soil," said the astute man of business, "which chance or your genius has discovered; you will gather much glory and wealth." Then he made a contract with the young writer, who undertook to supply him with two books every year, and that arrangement has lasted ever since.

He used to be a great traveller, but in 1861 a nephew of his went out of his mind and fired a pistol at his uncle, laming him for life. Since then he has been obliged to stay quietly at home.

Nothing pleases him better than to be told by visitors what a great deal of enjoyment his books have given to boys all over the world.

WINDFALLS FOR CHARITIES

Bacon-King Disinherits Daughters If They
Marry Without Consent.

Charities have handsomely benefited by a number of wills of which probate was registered yesterday. A sum of over £8,000 to Oldham institutions was left by Alderman Crompton, of that town, who was one of the leading spirits in some of the most prominent industrial concerns in the district.

Under the will of the Rev. Thomas Hulme, of Sheffield, the Sheffield Royal Hospital and Royal Infirmary are to receive £16,000 between them.

Mr. James Phillips, of Hastings, well known as an old Sussex cricketer, left his estate of over £7,000 to his wife.

There is a somewhat curious provision in the will of the late Mr. E. M. Demy, well-known as a practical dealer in the English-bacon market, who died at Chiddingstone Castle, leaving a fortune of nearly £600,000.

He left handsome bequests to his daughters, but disinherited them if either should have married without his consent or should hereafter marry without the consent of his wife or the unanimous consent of his trustees.

KING'S MESSENGER'S GREATCOAT.

The great coat of the King's messenger has been promoted to the dignity of a Parliamentary question.

It owes this fame to Mr. W. Crooks, the member for Woolwich, to whom the Secretary for War has explained that it was made in the out-door division of the Royal Army Clothing Department at Pimlico because ordinary work-piece-workers in the factory were unskilled in this description of work.

NO NATIONAL THEATRE.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to the Hon. W. F. Smith, M.P., states that he is unable to recommend a grant from the public funds of an annual subsidy of £10,000 for the permanent establishment of a National Repertory Theatre in London.

Despite this being an age of great human discovery and progress, said Mr. C. F. H. Masterman, speaking yesterday at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, there are from 8,000,000 to 12,000,000 people on the verge of hunger.

MAY IN MARCH.

"No Hat" Enthusiast Seen by the
Riverside in London.

Yesterday spring officially began. Winter has made way for the newcomer with a suspicious mildness, as the temperatures recorded at the Meteorological Office during the past three days show.

Each day the thermometer has touched 55 degrees.

A continuance of bright, fair, weather, with pleasant zephyrs, is expected throughout the month of England to-day.

It might have been expected that such ideal weather would have given general satisfaction, but the chrons of grumbles was loud and persistent. "May in March means December in June," growled one pessimist; "the seasons have gone to the dogs."

"Oppressively close" and "Most trying" were other plaints made by the captious.

On the Embankment was seen a member of the "No hat brigade," whom the warm sun had evidently aroused from his hibernation.

NEW THAMES STEAMERS.

Comfort of Passengers Not Catered for in the
New L.C.C. Flotilla.

The latest addition to the L.C.C. Thames steamboat flotilla, which was launched at the Thames Ironworks yesterday, was disappointing. It seems there is to be little difference between the new fleet and old, much criticised boats which plied up and down the river for so many years.

The new steamers are not, after all, to be provided, as was hoped, with deck-salons at either end, with rows of seats on top where passengers could sit under an awning and enjoy the air; and the cabins are to be the same cave-like contrivances.

Greater speed is claimed, but the new boats of the old company had nothing against them on that account. The general discomfort was their chief drawback.

When the fleet starts running next month a great number of the old company's men will be re-employed.

"SOULS ADRIFT."

Wonderful New "Daily Mirror" Serial,
Which Begins on Friday.

Alice and Claude Askew, the authors of our new serial, of which the first instalment will appear next Friday, are already well-known writers of fiction, although both are far from the time when youth merges into middle age.

Like "A Man in a Million," the serial just concluding, our new story, "Souls Adrift," is the work of husband and wife in collaboration.

The best-known stories they have already published are "The Wolves of London," which attracted wide attention while it was appearing in the "Evening News," and "The Shulamite."

"Souls Adrift" is a story of simple human interest, abounding in original situations, which are handled with wonderfully dramatic force. Passages full of tenderness provide the lighter relief in a story often tragic in the intensity with which the woes of the lovers are pictured.

SAVERS OF LIFE.

Splendid Work of Humanity Performed by
Issue of Colliery Warnings.

With much justifiable pride the Press Association draws attention to the striking diminution in big mining disasters since that agency started the issue of colliery warnings as to atmospheric conditions.

It was first suggested that the Meteorological Office, in conjunction with the Home Office, should perform this function, but the authorities were indisposed to undertake the responsibility.

The Press Association stepped into the breach, and for the past twenty-four years have supplied the warnings as occasion demanded.

PROFITS ON TOMMY'S PIPE.

Captain Norton has asked the Secretary for War if he can explain why 380,186lb. of tobacco, sent home from South Africa, was disposed of at 2d. per lb., seeing that it was bought at 9d. per lb. and that 3,000,000lb. of similar tobacco was sold to the troops in South Africa at 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb.

PAPER FOR PARSEES.

Among the literary curiosities of the year is the "Parsee Chronicle," the first number of which was recently published in London.

Its editor, Mr. Nasarvanji Maneckji Cooper, is the first native of India to start and publish a newspaper in the United Kingdom.

JUDGE'S LESSON IN BETTING.

Difference Between "On the Nod"
and "Money Down."

JUDICIAL INNOCENCE.

Mr. Justice Darling knows now what "betting on the nod" means. He asked about it of an expert witness in his court yesterday, and the witness gave full details.

The expert witness was Mr. David Curtis, the Paddington bookmaker, whom Mr. John James McCarthy, formerly detective-inspector, is suing for slander. Mr. Curtis explained to the Court yesterday his own view of his acquaintance with the inspector. This view differed altogether from the view that the latter had taken when in the witness-box.

It was while the bookmaker was describing how the inspector had betted with him that the edification of his Lordship took place.

"He asked me," said the bookmaker, "whether he could have half a quid each way on something. So we had a bet on the nod."

"On what?" exclaimed the Judge, his face indicating bewilderment. People in court who do not know him imagined that he thought "the nod" was a horse.

Like a Schoolmaster.

In the manner of a schoolmaster instructing a class, the bookmaker divulged the mysteries not only of "betting on the nod," but also of backing a horse "each way."

"Do the people you bet with always pay up?" asked his Lordship innocently when the lesson was finished, and the bookmaker admitted with a sigh that they did not.

Very interesting, too, was the bookmaker's account of how he first met the inspector. Mr. Curtis was in a hostelry called the Clarence in Brompton-road. Suddenly he heard a voice say, "Has he come?" The voice belonged to Mr. McCarthy. After this the landlord asked Mr. Curtis to step into another bar, and here he was introduced to the inspector.

Much to the bookmaker's surprise, the inspector, though a stranger to him, addressed him by his Christian name. Mr. McCarthy said: "Good morning, Dave."

But even more marked condescension was to follow, according to the bookmaker's story. After having taken refreshment at the bookmaker's expense the inspector condescended to accept a sovereign laid in his palm. Then, with a genial "I must be off now," he took his departure.

This sovereign was the first of about twelve sovereigns "that Mr. Curtis says he gave to Mr. McCarthy in hostelries. The inspector once said to him: "No, I won't come into the lavatory. Bung it into my hand as you say good-bye."

"Backing a Loser."

So expensive was the acquaintance that the bookmaker came to dread the sight of the inspector.

Having been "put right" on the difference between "betting on the nod" and betting with money paid down, the Judge remarked at the end of Mr. Curtis's description of one of his sovereign interviews: "That was a ready-money transaction." (Loud laughter.)

During his cross-examination by Mr. Clavell Salter Mr. Curtis was asked why he had given the first sovereign, which he admitted the inspector had not asked for. The bookmaker replied that the inspector told him that he had had racing losses, having backed Burses for the Hunt Cup at Ascot. The inspector's manner hinted that a sovereign would be acceptable.

In the course of the hearing, which was again adjourned, Mr. John Burns, M.P., paid a visit to the court, and was much amused by the racing revelations.

LYNX-EYED JUDGE.

Judge Bacon is not easily deceived.

"I saw you enter the court with that stick under your arm," said he at Whitechapel yesterday, amid loud laughter, to a defendant who had come before him hobbling in apparent anguish, and leaning heavily on a stick. Pay 2s. a month.

METZLER

Distinguished for its TONE—rich, resonant—as well as sweet, singing, sympathetic—the only Piano Player which so happily combines the six qualities essential to

MUSICAL PERFECTION.

The instrument must be seen and heard to be fully appreciated. You can have a Metzler Piano Player delivered FREE.

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METZLER and CO., Ltd.,

40-42, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.

PIANO PLAYER.

LADY MOTORIST.

Thrilling Experiences at the Cross Roads
and a Law Case.

When Mrs. Amsden, of Shirley, in her motor-car met Mrs. Previte, of Keston, in her trap at four cross roads near Hayes Common there was a collision.

This was last year. Yesterday, in the King's Bench Court, Mrs. Amsden claimed against Mrs. Previte for personal injuries and damages to her motor-car. Mrs. Previte, in her turn, sought compensation for damages to her pony and trap.

The horse, it was stated, on behalf of the plaintiff, mounted the bonnet of the car and broke it and other things, while the wheel of the trap struck Mrs. Amsden.

"Surely a lady who can drive a motor-car at twelve or twenty miles an hour knows the difference between a horse and a pony?" said counsel when Mrs. Amsden had declared she did not know.

"Now did you not, in 1903, run down a man and give him £5 to keep the matter out of court?"

Have you not the reputation in your district of being a reckless driver of motors? Have you not yourself run into your own fence?" were other questions which persistent counsel asked, and to the last Mrs. Amsden replied "Yes."

"I never saw a motor yet that could make her jump," said Mrs. Previte's coachman, when it was suggested to him that his mistress's pony had jumped on Mrs. Amsden's car.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendant on the claim and counterclaim.

TINY 1905 WAIST.

But Experts Say No Tight Lacing Will
Be Necessary.

Lady dress reformers are preparing to hurl their bitterest denunciations at Dame Fashion, who this year has decreed that ladies' waists shall be small—much smaller than for years past.

It is quite certain that waists will look much smaller, though in reality they will, in most cases, retain the dimensions which have silenced all but the extreme opponents of tight lacing.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* obtained expert advice on the subject from various authorities among dressmakers and corsetiers respectively.

The former say skirts are to be so full, pleated, frilled, and flounced—as much as twelve yards in circumference—that the quantity of stuff falling below the hips will have the effect of making the waist look very slender, while the enormous sleeves which are to be worn will also heighten this appearance of a very round and tiny waist.

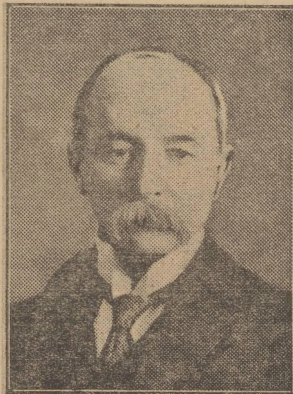
But one and all emphatically declared that the waist measurements of all their fair clients had not diminished an eighth of an inch.

The same story was told by Mme. Dowding, the famous corsetier in Charing Cross-road. She declares that any waist can be made to look small nowadays with well-fitted corsets.

There is no need, now that all corset-makers study anatomy and hygiene, for anyone to make a waist small by tight lacing, any more than for any woman to have a large waist.

"In fact," said Madame, "there is more tight lacing now among men than women, and far more men wear corsets than most people imagine."

MARRIAGE OF A WELL-KNOWN M.P.



Mr. J. A. Dewar, member of Parliament for Inverness-shire, chairman of John Dewar and Sons, Ltd., who will be married to-day to Miss Holland, of Merton Hall, Newton Stewart.



BUSINESS-LIKE BURGLAR.

Carried a Directory of Jewellers in His
Pocket Book.

For some time past Birmingham jewellers have been at their wits' end to protect themselves against the depredations of a clever gang of burglars.

Yesterday a young man, named Joseph Taylor, was surprised by the police in the act of filling his pockets with a jeweller's stock, and it was found that other premises in the same block of buildings had been entered.

A small black note-book was discovered in the man's pocket when he was charged in which were entered the names and addresses of a number of Birmingham jewellers, some of whom have been previously victimised.

£450 FOR "ARCADIA."

A superb copy of Sir Philip Sydney's "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia," published in 1590, realised the record price of £450 at Sotheby's Rooms yesterday.

Only three copies are known, but this is by far the best.

At the same sale a first edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" realised £76, as against £250 last season.

MAGISTERIAL HUMOUR.

"Give me bread, and bread alone," said the court missionary at Kingston yesterday, was the frequent appeal that Frederick Welford, a house-to-house beggar, had made to him.

The Chairman: Then I suppose he is a regular loafer.

Welford received seven days' hard labour.

NELSON TEA WIDOWS.

Question To Be Asked in the House Concerning
the Pension Scheme.

Delivering his reserved judgment on the petition for the compulsory winding-up of the Nelson Share Syndicate, Limited, Mr. Justice Buckley expressed the opinion that the substratum of the company had gone on the winding-up of Nelson and Company, the tea dealers.

He, however, directed the petition to stand over until April 5, in order that the wishes of bona-fide shareholders might be ascertained.

Notice has been given by Mr. Swift MacNeill that he will ask the Attorney-General in the House of Commons whether, owing to the Official Receiver's suggestion of fraud in the Nelson Widows' Pension Scheme, steps are to be taken to put the Public Prosecutor in motion with reference to the case.

LITTLE GIRL MONSTER.

Having boiled a cat alive in a "copper," and put the lid on to prevent its escape, Antoinette Bullock, a twelve-year-old girl, of the Waterloo-road, was ordered at Southwark yesterday to be sent to an industrial school.

It was stated that the child was a confirmed thief, and had even stolen the clothes from the backs of her stepbrothers.

LANGUID HUSBAND.

"I suffer greatly from my husband's tricks. He stays in bed whenever he likes," complained a Mrs. Owen to the Lambeth magistrate yesterday.

"Dear me," remarked Mr. Hopkins. "But you married him, you know. I am very sorry, but I can't help you." Mrs. Owen seemed much disappointed.

TRUTHFUL CAPTAIN.

Single Blemish to a Character Like
George Washington's.

"BOCK" HONEYMOON.

The Divorce Court was yesterday introduced to a gentleman who frankly admitted that he did not like his mother-in-law.

This gentleman was Captain Walter Victor Simmonds Lynn, who is respondent in a divorce petition brought against him by his wife. He has denied her charges of cruelty and infidelity, and has made counter allegations against her.

When he went into the witness-box he told the Court about the hardships which he experienced at Spion Kop. Here he was for thirty-six hours in the pouring rain, with the result that he was invalided, and spent nine months in bed.

According to evidence given on behalf of his wife, he used to be very fond of talking about Spion Kop and his doings there. He talked after he had partaken of bock beer at Namur, where part of his honeymoon was spent.

To one of the witnesses, a waiter, who spoke about "Bock," Mr. Randolph, the captain's counsel said: "You had a strong objection to the captain because he did not tip you, eh?"

His Only Falsehood.

The captain attributed the split between himself and his wife to Mrs. Maltby, his mother-in-law. "She became very angry," he said, "when I once put a muddy boot in my wife's lap."

Mr. Robson, K.C. (counsel for Mrs. Lynn): But you wrote to her: "Mother, I am fond of you."

Captain Lynn (with great vehemence): That is the only falsehood I can admit to my credit.

Mr. Robson: You also wrote: "Let me be a son to you, dear. Your kindness to-day I can never forget."

Captain Lynn: You get a bit romantic when you are kept from your wife. (Laughter.)

The captain has a grievance against a Mr. Cotterell. It was to Mr. Cotterell, he declares, that his wife referred when she went about the house singing at the top of her voice: "Darling, Jimmy, darling Jimmy, I want him." (Loud laughter.)

Various businesses have engaged the captain's attention since he laid down his sword. He says that he has run a tobacconist's shop and been chairman of a novelty company—"everything except keep a fried-fish shop."

The case was adjourned.

BOY STAGE MANAGERS.

Absence of a Pianist Wrecks a Precocious
Couple's Enterprise.

Frank Dobson and Percy Gordon, two Manchester youths but barely out of their teens, hoaxed a crowd of Manchester people by advertising under the high-sounding names of Ross and Vivian a "star" turn, consisting of a boy playing on the violin, in the Manchester suburb of Urmston.

They secured advertisements from local people for the programmes, all of which were numbered, and then offered a watch as a prize to the holder of a certain number drawn.

Unfortunately for the would-be stage-managers, however, their arrangements miscarried. The pianist raised his triba, and the audience became unruly and demanded their money back. The artists, fearing violence, fled, whilst Dobson scoured the district for a substitute for the missing pianist. Gordon disappeared with them.

When Dobson returned the angry crowd handed him over to the police, and at the police court, yesterday, the enterprising youths were mulcted in sums of 5s. and costs each.

ARMLESS AND LEGLESS.

"I am surprised at you. You ought to have a month yourself," said Percy Barry, an armless and legless man, to Mr. Paul Taylor at Marylebone Police Court yesterday when he was fined 10s. and costs or ten days for using bad language.

A police officer stated that Barry had previously been convicted to hard labour. He was also on the black list.



MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for the stomach.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/3 per bottle.

MRS. MAYBRICK ON SING-SING PRISON.

Nothing but Praise for the Famous American Gaol.

PARADISE FOR CRIMINALS

Mrs. Florence Maybrick has just visited the famous Sing-Sing Prison, of New York State, and her comparison of it with Aylesbury Prison, where she spent fifteen years, is exceedingly interesting. "At Aylesbury," writes Mrs. Maybrick, "the cells are kennels filled with foul air that cannot escape; holidays are days of torture; the institution is a disgrace and public menace."

Sing-Sing is, in comparison, a paradise. "The lock-step has been abolished," says Mrs. Maybrick, "and the men can now step out with manly assurance. Their carriage is erect, their step indicative of self-respect."

"First offenders no longer wear striped clothes. Only the uniforms of second and third sentence prisoners are specially marked, and this to no offensive degree."

Uniforms Made To Fit.

"The neat grey prison uniforms are made to fit. In England neither the uniform nor any other garment is fitted. There are only two sizes in use."

"In England prisoners can never be sure of wearing the same underclothing twice; at Sing-Sing a special locker is accorded to each prisoner."

"Prisoners can converse with visitors separated only by two feet of space and a wire netting. No warder sits between, as in England. Once a month visits of an hour are permitted to each prisoner."

"During my fifteen years in prison, I only saw a visitor once in two months, and then only for half an hour."

Delicacies Every Two Months.

"At Sing-Sing a box of delicacies, not to exceed 35lb., to supplement the regulation fare, may be received by a prisoner once in two months. And when such friendly service from the outside is wanting, and the prisoner is so fortunate as to possess the means, he can give an order for the permissible extra quantity to suit his taste, the cost, not to exceed 8s. 6d. a time, being charged up to him."

While prisoners in England are searched four times a day, at Sing-Sing, the superintendent told Mrs. Maybrick, convicts are searched only now and then, and their cells occasionally, when it is suspected they have been able to smuggle "dope" or whisky into them. "We trust our prisoners as much as we can," he added.

"There is no forced attendance at State religious services. For the girls there is sunshine and a far-away view of the Hudson's majestic scenery."

To the bedsides of the sick a bath is wheeled on a trolley; for the others there are comfortable bath-rooms.

No wonder the death-rate at Sing-Sing has been reduced since 1898 by sixty-six per cent., and that Mrs. Maybrick left its gates "with a pleasant memory."

2,000,000 PLAGUE VICTIMS.

Our Indian Empire in the Grip of a Terrible Visitation.

Terrible mortality is being caused by the plague in India this spring; its ravages being greater than any hitherto recorded.

The epidemic first made its appearance in the peninsula eight years ago, and has never been completely eradicated.

The measures of the panic-stricken officials in 1896 to check the disease unfortunately actually fostered the spread of the plague, the exodus of natives from Bombay and Calcutta, due to fear of the Government's preventive measures, carrying the germs of the disease all over the country.

It is feared that the deaths from plague alone will this year reach the enormous total of 2,000,000.

* "The Over-Seas "Daily Mail," with its complete reports of the latest home news, is the best weekly message that the Britain abroad can receive from the Old Country.

This unique Empire journal is sent for 52 weeks, postage included, to any postal address on receipt of 6s. by the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, London, E.C.

Specimen copy forwarded on application.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

All the members of the Cabinet attended a Council at the Foreign Office at noon yesterday.

Four young thrushes more than a week old have been found in a nest at Hackness, near Scarborough.

An attempt is being made by an East End bird-fancier to hatch by means of an incubator storks' eggs received from Holland.

This summer the tramcars in Gateshead will water the streets by means of sprays attached to the trolleys employed in swilling the lines.

Dozens of good-looking boots were cut up and examined during a Liverpool County Court case, when it was found that the soles were padded with cardboard.

A man who claims to have been a bugler at the Battle of Waterloo is wandering about Glamorganshire asking for alms. He carries a certificate showing his age to be 104.

Long Acre, the home of the motor industry of London, is making strenuous efforts to profit by the strike of the French automobile coachbuilders. Splendid carriages are being sent to Paris as examples of British workmanship.

At a total cost of about £440 the ratepayers have supported the two children of Walter Wicks during his several imprisonments. At Clerkenwell a further sentence of six months was passed on him yesterday, for being a rogue and a vagabond and for deserting his children.

In future no foreigner—soldier or civilian—is to be admitted to any barrack or military establishment without the sanction of the Army Council.

Colonel W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," has arrived in England.

Two iron-workers going to breakfast at the Cargo Fleet ironworks, Middlesbrough, yesterday, were suffocated by blast furnace gas.

A brougham was smashed between two tramcars near Camberwell-gate yesterday morning. Its occupant and some of the tramcar passengers were cut by broken glass.

Only ten recruits sent notices of being present at the four weeks' preliminary training of the 2nd Devon Royal Garrison Artillery Militia, and the parade has had to be cancelled.

"An Englishman, aged thirty-five, wanting to make a start in life, who has no trade, but is willing to work" appeals for help in the advertisement columns of a morning newspaper.

For "time-cribbing"—i.e., allowing workgirls to remain in a room during meal hours where manufacturing processes were going on—the Guide Bridge Spinning Co. have been fined altogether £44 14s.

A complete set of Mafeking stamps, valued at between £20 and £30, are offered by the Victoria League for the best essay on "How the Union Jack came to be the national flag," to be written by boys preparing for the public schools or Navy.

WORKHOUSE WOMEN VISITED BY TWO PRINCESSES.



Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein (whose photograph appears above), paid a visit to Windoor Workhouse, and received a touching welcome from the aged women inmates, one of whom sang all the time the Princesses were in the ward.

Last year 27,388 men were enrolled in the Imperial Yeomanry. There were 2,756 absentees from training.

During 1904 the National Gallery was visited by 463,375 persons on free days. During thirty-one Sunday afternoons on which it was opened 33,128 persons passed the gates.

Lambeth Workhouse inmates are being instructed in the manufacture of mineral waters, the guardians desiring to supply the infirmary and other institutions themselves instead of buying.

Sergeant John Kitson, of Albany-road, Coventry, a hale and hearty old man, was on the sinking Birkenhead, so that Mrs. Bridget Murphy, who died at Portsmouth recently, was not the sole survivor.

On account of the continuance of the measles epidemic the health committee of Nottingham have decided to close all the infant schools in the city. Last week there were nineteen deaths from the disease.

Arthur Matthews, the converted member of the Blackburn Olympic Football Club, says that if the public only knew the sin popular football players were led to they would no longer give them any support.

The late Mr. R. S. Charnock, it appears, was not the oldest reader in the British Museum. That distinction is claimed for Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, the well-known naturalist, who was born in 1810, and obtained his first reader's ticket in 1832 or 1833.

In the Army List of Reserve Officers the name of a captain who has been dead nine years appears. A question on the matter is to be asked in the House of Commons.

Its face blackened and its wooden case burnt to a cinder, a clock was found still going in Messrs. Pantin's warehouse, in Upper Thames-street, after a bad outbreak of fire.

The boarding room the great mission hall now being erected for Dr. Torrey at Bristol is almost entirely covered with posters relating to theatres, music-halls, and beer and whisky.

Mr. MacNeill intends to ask Mr. Arnold-Forster what has been the expense of producing a large illustrated volume of dress regulations issued by the War Office, and who is the author of the work.

Two thousand ladies waited for the doors of the London Shoe Company's shop in Queen Victoria-street to open on the occasion of the sale, which is held only once in three years, and lasts for a week.

In four years the great Coolgardie Gold Mine yielded gold worth £7 8s. 7d. The accounts, dealt with at the Board of Trade yesterday, show liabilities £3,350, assets estimated to produce £361, and a total deficiency to shareholders of £27,355.

Leeds has a "hermit," named William Holford, who lives by the canal at Monkbridge, drinks only canal water, and dips all his bread in the canal before eating it. He states that he has reasons for so doing which he cannot at present divulge.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

HORRORS AND HUMOURS OF WAR.

The horrors of the siege of Port Arthur have been told again and again, but they are brought more forcibly to the mind by the photographs reproduced on pages 8 and 9 than they can be by all the reports from the front.

The official Japanese account of the capture of 203 Metre Hill mentioned that the hillside was strewn with dead, the result of both artillery fire and hand-to-hand fighting. How terribly true this statement was is clearly demonstrated by these photographs.

The humours of war are also illustrated on the same pages. After the long tension was relaxed, and Port Arthur fell into the hands of the besiegers, men who for months had been slaughtering each other without mercy forgot all their animosity and fraternised together. The Japanese treated their defeated foes with all possible consideration, and the Russians accepted kindnesses in the spirit they were offered.

HUSTLING AT BLACKPOOL.

The most strenuous American hustler would hardly regard with equanimity the task before those responsible for the improvements in the great promenade at Blackpool. The corporation decided to widen the mile-long promenade by 100ft. Part of the work is already done, and our first photograph on page 8 shows the widened promenade with its electric tramway. But much of it is as yet unfinished, and, as our second photograph shows, in an absolutely chaotic condition.

COMPENSATED BY RUSSIA.

Such consolation as money can give has been received by the victims of the Baltic Fleet's outrage, and we reproduce on page 1 photographs of some of the men who have been paid compensation.

The amounts awarded them may, in some instances, appear large, but what money could pay for the terrors experienced during the time they lay helpless under the Russian fire? William Smith, who received £2,000, was shot in the back; Nixon, the engineer, received a severe scalp wound; Almond had both his arm and his head injured, and Joseph Smith saw his father's decapitated body. All the men photographed were on the trawler Crane, which was sunk.

The guard of honour inspected by the Prince of Wales during the recent visit to East Ham was furnished by the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Essex Regiment, and the commander, who was shown in our photograph as being presented to his Royal Highness, was Captain W. Scott MacDonald.

AN APOLOGY.

First Fortnightly Part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" Sold Out in an Hour.

The proprietors of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia," the first fortnightly part of which was published yesterday, regret that they totally failed to appreciate the enormous public demand for a complete up-to-date work of reference at a nominal price.

A vast edition had been prepared, but within an hour of commencing business yesterday morning every copy of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" was sold, and at the present moment not a single copy is in the possession of the publishers.

Printers and binders, however, are now working night and day to meet the demand, and by the end of the week an abundant further supply of copies will be ready.

The publishers greatly regret the inconvenience this caused to the public, and the demand was altogether unprecedented, and far beyond anything that could have been anticipated.

It is of the utmost importance that everyone who wishes to secure "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia"—the world's cheapest book—should at once place an order with his newsagent for a regular supply of the fortnightly parts, which are issued at sevenpence each.

Owing to the Unprecedented Demand for the Greatest Educational Publication, the

HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPAEDIA

your Newsvendor may not be able to supply you with

PART I. —TO-DAY.

Place your order NOW for the 40 parts, and you will receive Part I. in a day or so.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1905

WANTED, A "WAKE CURE."

A NUMBER of people in this country seem to have sleep on the brain. Not only have we just had the Colonial Secretary advising people to take "plenty of sleep," but there is actually being established in London an institution where "jaded brain-workers" can indulge in a "sleep cure," which consists in slumbering peacefully under hypnotic influence for weeks at a time.

What is the use of the Prince of Wales calling upon England in stirring phrase to "wake up"? The only response to his Royal Highness's appeal is a loud snore. "You have waked us too soon; let us slumber again," we cry with the Sluggard. "Try the sleep cure" will soon be seen in large letters upon every advertisement hoarding. Rather do we require a cure for sleepiness, some rude shock that will break our fatal lethargy.

Parliament worships Morpheus with touching devotion. Our railway companies have not really had their eyes open for years. Even such an up-to-date body as the London County Council has been caught napping over the new Thames steamboats, which, it appears, are to be just as old-fashioned and uncomfortable as the discarded Noah's Arks which give Battersea Reach such a medieval air.

Where are the "jaded brain-workers" who are in such need of a sleep cure? They certainly are not to be found in the public service. There are few signs of them in commerce. What have they been applying their poor brains to? We shall be interested to see who are the first patients of the precious Hospital of Sleep.

Oh, for someone who would teach England how to keep awake!

THE RECIPE FOR CONTENT.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson, who writes such pretty poetry and such "nice" books for girls, has been deploring the lack of imagination which she notes in the young woman of to-day.

Athletics, she points out, do not develop imagination. The old-fashioned, sentimental kind of girl had far more of this quality than her robust, open-air sister, who plays golf and hockey, and thinks nothing can be more enjoyable than a good run with the hounds, or even a day among the pheasants.

No doubt, Mrs. Hinkson's observation is correct, but it is really a loss to the average girl to indulge her fancy and her faculty for dreaming less than she used to when she was brought up on Charlotte Yonge's tales, and taught to regard any exercise more violent than walking as unadvisable.

Imaginative people are not, as a rule, contented people. They expect much more from life than life can give them. Some few have the happy knack of imagining things are what they would like them to be. But the great majority find the contrast between their ideals and the realities of existence painful and irksome. They are soon disillusioned. The world is full of disappointments for them. They lose heart. They moan.

This is especially to be noticed in marriage. The sentimentalist, whose imagination has been stimulated by high-flown ideas, wants to put her husband on a pedestal and worship him. She thinks he ought to represent perfection to her. When she discovers that he is only a man and not a Greek god with all the attributes of a Christian saint and martyr she feels the blow acutely—and generally makes him feel it too.

The modern girl, who has mixed with men in frank, friendly intercourse, has a far better chance of happiness. She does not look for impossibilities. It may be a fine thing to leap at the Sun, but the woman who sets her mind upon making the best of the Earth is much more likely to make a good wife and to find the recipe for sweet content.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The very name and appearance of a happy man breathe of good-nature, and help the rest of us to live.—R. L. Stevenson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

mind thenceforward to rely only upon her own exertions for a living.

Mr. Carl Hentschel is certainly the most go-ahead member of the City of London Corporation. Some little time ago he proposed that after-dinner speeches instead of being drowned out with innumerable "ers" should be printed and handed round. At the dinner of the Music Committee of the Corporation, over which Mr. Hentschel now presides, he introduced another innovation. He proposed the loyal toasts half-way through dinner, so that the guests might be permitted to smoke between the courses, the tradition being that there must be no smoking until after the healths of the King and the Royal Family have been drunk.

Good news for those who still love fine acting over here is the announcement that we may see Signora Duse in London during the summer months. Duse must be seen quickly or not at all. She is always on the point of retiring, always longing to leave the storm and stress of her stage life for that decaying palace in Venice, where she is going to spend the "long, dark autumn evenings" of her days with her daughter and a few old friends. This, she declares, is positively her last great tour. She has made vast sums of money,

and her American impresario will inform you that she makes over there never less than £400 a night.

Meanwhile, her performances in Paris, which were to have begun last Saturday, have been postponed for a week. That is because all her scenery and dresses were delayed through the Italian railway strike. She is staying at the Hotel Continental. A French friend tells me that she receives scarcely anyone at all. She may occasionally be seen, black-veiled and mysterious, gliding into the lift on the way to the theatre. That is all. My friend went to call upon her with the manager of the theatre at which she is to perform. She received them as a great favour. "I live in the future," she told my friend, "and the past does not exist for me. My work helps me to forget the past, and to forget the present also, and to keep sad thoughts away."

Mme. Calvé, who is also to appear in London this season, and at the same theatre—the new Waldorf—as La Duse, is a far more cheerful person. Off the stage she is generally very gay and energetic. Sometimes she has lugubrious fancies, and not long ago, when one of them had come upon her, she caused her own tombstone to be carved, and keeps it now quite ready for use in her beautiful old French castle—just as Mme. Bernhardt occasionally relieves the monotony of night by sleeping in her satin-lined coffin. But, on the whole, while and applause have reconciled Calvé to life, and I do not think—in spite of the overdose of aconite with which she was nearly killed a few months ago—that she is anxious to use her tombstone yet.

There is a striking portrait in this week's "Vanity Fair" of the Highland uniform of Lord Tullibardine, who was presiding at the dinner of the Highland Society last night. Incidentally there is also a portrait of Lord Tullibardine himself, but the uniform is more prominent than the man. The man is, in real life, a very enthusiastic Highlander, who speaks Gaelic fluently, and has always faithfully kept the Scotch customs which prevail round Blair Castle, where he lives—even to the old one of having his bride carried over the threshold of the castle by faithful retainers after his marriage. He served in the Omdurman campaign, and one of his exploits was the extraction of a bullet from a wounded Derwish's arm by means of a button-hook which he happened to have in his pocket!

Here is the latest story about the Albert Hall mission. I have heard it from at least two sources, each of which vouches for its truth. Mrs. Asquith, with two other women and a man, was in a box one night, and while Mr. Alexander was conducting a hymn they were looking round the hall through their opera-glasses. Nothing escapes the conductor's quick eye. "There are people in that box," he cried, pointing in their direction, "who are not singing. I must ask them to join in."

A few moments later he stopped the singing again. "Those people won't sing, won't they?" he said. "Now I ask them to stand up and sing the verse part of this hymn by themselves—all by themselves—just those people in that box." And then, so the story goes, the three women bravely stood up and sang, while the man slunk to the back of the box and kept out of sight. Whether it really was Mrs. Asquith or not I cannot be sure, but the incident certainly happened, and the story always has her name in it.

Lord Cottenham, who has just been fined (not, I think, for the first time) for motoring too violently, has long been one of the greatest enthusiasts for the sport. Formerly he cared only for amateur theatricals and hunting. Now motor-ing has overcome his old tastes. He is only just over thirty—an age when one may be allowed to have crazes. His mother, Theodosia Lady Cottenham, was during her husband's lifetime a great society beauty.

The Hon. Oliver Borthwick is having a hard fight for health. It is to be hoped this latest operation will do him good. He is the son of Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the "Morning Post." Mr. Borthwick occupies himself very busily with the affairs of his father's newspaper. It is a wonder, indeed, that he should be able to give so much time to society. Nearly always after a party, however late it may be, he goes to the office in Wellington-street. Perhaps it is over-exertion, combined with a delicate constitution, which has made him suffer so much at the early age of thirty-two.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 21.—The bullfinch, although a most beautiful bird, is the gardener's pet aversion at this season of the year.

Already several of my gooseberry bushes are nearly bare of buds. Bullfinches also delight to ruin the lovely almond-trees, which are now coming into bloom.

The wireworm will soon be on the warpath again. Owing to its bright yellow colour, it can be easily picked out whenever the soil is dug. It is very troublesome if allowed to remain in beds where violas or carnations are growing.

Pyrethrums and larkspurs can now be protected from slugs by surrounding them with coal-ashes.

E. F. T.

ARE THE MISSING MULES AT THE WAR OFFICE?



Out of 999 mules shipped from New Orleans to South Africa 158 died on the voyage, and the remaining 841 cannot be traced. Can it be that they wandered to Paul Mall and are now installed at the War Office?

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P.

HE is one of the most prominent men in Parliament this session, and the Liberal Party owes him much. He has been especially active in connection with the Army stores scandal. That he will be in the Ministry as soon as his Party is in power is now beyond doubt.

He is a wonderful example of the results of hard work. He has always worked hard, and recognises that his present position is due to it. Only just over forty, and the son of a private soldier, he started life as a pupil teacher. Hard work made him an excellent journalist, and hard work also made him master of the Parliamentary history of education.

When he got into Parliament he soon proved what was in him. He showed that he was a man of brains, and a man whose whole heart was in the national importance of education.

But, however important his pet subject may be, it is not a sensational one; yet, whenever he speaks upon it, he is sure of a keen audience. He not only speaks well, but he always sprinkles amusing stories into his speeches. As he has an unlimited stock of them and a keen sense of humour, he can make even education statistics amusing.

He does not believe in having no amusement. You will find boxing-gloves in his study as well as Blue-books, and golf clubs as well as a bust of Mr. Gladstone, while the subject of fishing-rods is one upon which he is also eloquent.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Four Continents.

He: I'd propose to you if I only knew what I should say.

She: You wouldn't if you only knew what I'd say.—"Sydney Bulletin."

He: I wonder if our guests were satisfied with the supper.

She: Don't be uneasy. I heard someone say as they were going that it must have been far above our means.—"Meggendorfer Blätter."

She had just returned from a call upon her dearest friend. "What a bore she is, and so selfish," said she. "Took up all the time telling me about her trip to Paris instead of letting me tell her about my trip to Norway."—"Birmingham Dart."

The Art of War.—"And if one is unable to keep the enemy from crossing the river?" asked the pupil. "In that case," replied the master of strategy, "the Press censor should allow rumours to circulate that you are trying to lure him across."—"Johnnatsburg Star."

Mrs. Neurich: Jane, why do you allow the children to make so much noise?

The Nurse: I'm sorry, ma'am, but they won't mind me.

Mrs. Neurich: Of course not. Why should they? Don't I pay you to mind them?—"Chicago News."

NEWS VIEWS

ROYAL PRINCESS OF RUSSIA.



One of the great cares of the Tsar during these troublesome times in Russia is his anxiety for his young children. Marie, his third daughter, is a child of only six years.

THE HORRORS

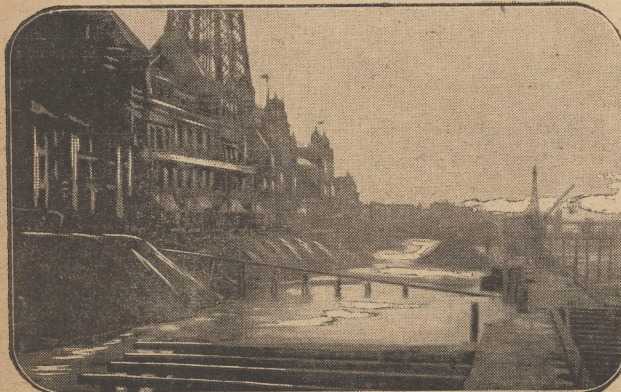


Some of the most terrible fighting of the whole war took place on 203 Metre Hill, an eminence that commanded Port Arthur. The Japanese reports sent after they had captured it by assault declared that the hillside was strewn with heaps of dead bodies. That this was literally true is shown by this photograph.

BLACKPOOL PREPARES FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.



To give greater space for the three million holiday-makers who visit Blackpool annually, the above is the completed portion of its great promenade, made a hundred feet wider.



Those responsible declare that the widening of Blackpool's promenade will be finished by Easter, but, as this photograph shows, there is still much to be done. Hundreds of men are busy on the work, which will cost £300,000.



After the horrors of the siege of Port Arthur were over, Japanese and Russians, who had long been fighting machines, became men once more and fraternised together. The two men arm-in-arm in this photograph are men of the escorts of Generals Nogi and Stoessel.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS

HUMOURS OF WAR



After the Japanese were finally left masters of 203 Metre Hill the Russian and Japanese dead, which had been strewn in indescribable confusion over the hillside, were laid out in rows, while Japanese soldiers dug graves for their dead enemies and comrades.



The tension of that terrible siege once relaxed and Port Arthur in their hands, the victorious Japanese soldiers gave themselves up to rejoicing. This group, dressed in masqueraders' costumes, were photographed as they passed before General Nogi.

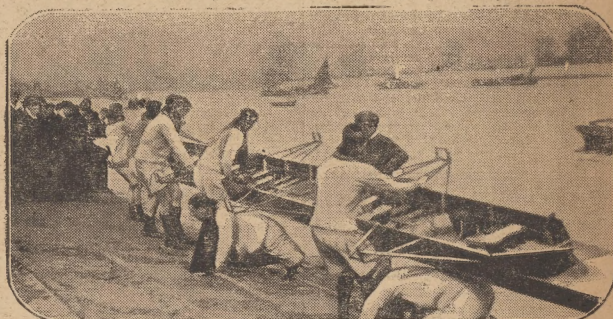
SNAPSHOTS

TSAR'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.



Anastasia, the youngest daughter of the Tsar, was born in 1901, and although her parents had hoped for a son and heir, the little girl has always been greatly beloved of the Emperor and his consort.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS AT PUTNEY.



Yesterday the Oxford crew contented themselves with light work at Putney. Our photograph shows the men launching their boat.



The Light Blues went out for a long paddle in the morning, rowing to the Doves, a distance of two miles, at a stroke of twenty-seven to the minute.

FAIR PLAY FOR CATS.

The Real Reason Why They Are Furtive and Self-Centred.

By A CAT LOVER.

Our treatment of animals depends largely upon their usefulness to us.

In the case of the more expensive and visibly useful, our commercial instincts protect them. Owners of horses and cattle, for instance, realise that good work, good meat and milk, good fleeces, and good progeny can only be obtained by fair treatment of the producers of these.

Even dogs and fowls get some consideration, because the services of the former as shepherds and guardians and in sport, and of the latter as food producers, make this advisable, though the dog's physical toughness and his subservience to man, even in want and cruel treatment, largely nullify the advantage in his case.

But to cats we do not grant even fair play, let alone consideration.

There are reasons for this. First, cats pay no tax and can always be had for the asking, and often for the taking, so there is not the incentive of money value to treat them well.

Secondly, they are so prolific that if they often die of want, illness, or violence, they can be easily replaced.

HARD TO STARVE.

Thirdly, even if food is withheld from them, they do their duties at first—equally well. Even in a state of starvation, they can keep the vital spark in their meagre bodies, under certain conditions, for some time.

Fourthly, their services to man are rendered so often out of sight that many people imagine they would never be missed. Yet nearly every wharf, factory, warehouse, office, railway depot, and stable has its staff of cats, and without them there would be much loss of property.

Crouching in barn, office, warehouse, or cellar, the cat is at work all night, keeping our food-stores clean and whole and our goods uninjured. The labourer, then, is worthy of his hire, and very small that hire is.

Many cats do well without milk, if well nourished in other ways and provided with clean drinking-water whenever they want it. A little fish or meat twice a day—once if they can count on live game—is enough. A very few people weekly will keep a cat.

That there should be tame domestic animals dying of want and neglect in thousands in the streets of all large towns shows a want of humanity, a callousness which is quite shocking.

Apart from neglect and ill-treatment, there are many other ways in which the cat does not get fair play.

Most of us who keep dogs recognise their need of exercise and play. We take them out to walk and swim, and throw stones to amuse them. The dog, except in very bad hands, gets both diversion and change of scene. Not one cat in a hundred gets either.

If they play they are turned out of the house for fear they should break anything, and in large towns they have often no chance to catch either mice or birds, and not even a scrap of yard to run about in. No wonder the cat thus treated is fed with his claws when roughly or suddenly touched.

Cats have all the handicaps of tame animals and—often—none of their privileges.

They are, I suppose, the only domesticated animals who are not legislated for—if not the only English animals of their size and number who are not specifically legislated for at all. Consequently, they have all the characteristics of the outlaw—fear of man, predatory habits, secretiveness, and a clamorous voice.

I have heard a kindly man praised because he "noticed" his cat! Without being sloppily sentimental, surely no decently humane person would keep a living animal in his house and never speak to nor touch it.

Cats are often only allowed on the floor when indoors, and that is a place of danger and discomfort to a small, quiet, soft-skinned, and often drowsy animal, and its easily injured young.

The tame cat cannot even leave a room unaided if doors and windows are shut, yet most people feel a glow of self-approval if they open door or window for it, and a glow of rage if the cat does evil when it has no exit.

SHUBBED AND INSULTED.

In homes where the cat has no special friend, nine cats out of ten live, without doubt, in a state of chronic and miserable disgrace, and cats feel disgrace acutely. Any scraps are supposed to be palatable to them. They must turn the other cheek when struck or be branded as spiteful. They are called sulky and stupid because continual snubbing has made them self-centred and reserved.

Centuries of scorn and neglect have warped their character in this respect. The furtiveness, reserve, fear of restraint, and mistrust of advances they show must be the result of generations of ill-treatment and sending to Coventry. The cat which is fed does not steal, the cat which is housed does not caterwall, and the cat which is gently handled neither bites nor scratches.

In case anyone calls me a solemn ass for using long words on this subject I can only urge that jokes will not fill the hiatus in our morals and our laws which allows a small tame animal, dependent on man, to suffer in large numbers unpunished. What I want is to see the cat get fair play.

FAMOUS SINGER ENGAGED.



Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, whose engagement to Dr. Muecke, of Adelaide, has just been announced.—(Russell).

Marseilles to meet a relative who was arriving from India.

"She must not be told now," Lady Betty said to Vanna. "She is far from strong. After that meeting—who knows what effect it might have on her? Don't you agree?"

"Oh, yes—yes; but we are wasting time," said Vanna feverishly. "Lady Betty, every moment is of importance. He may be—oh, no, no, it is too cruel, too fiendish! I won't believe it."

After that one outbreak she relapsed into stony silence, and never moved or gave a sign until the car rolled up outside the villa occupied by Lady Lucy Treherne.

The door was opened by a grave-faced butler. In the hall were Frank Williams, Anthony Heron's secretary, and an elderly man with a shrewd, clean-shaven face, who, they guessed, was the doctor. The secretary was white as death, and his face was drawn and haggard with the terrible anxiety of the long night watch. The doctor looked solemn and harassed beyond words.

Frank Williams hurried towards Lady Betty. He did not seem to notice Vanna.

"Well?" breathed Lady Betty.

The young man shook his head.

"He has not recovered consciousness," he said. His face was faint with exhaustion. "The doctor says he may—never."

Lady Betty turned to the doctor.

"Can nothing be done?" she asked.

"Humanly speaking," he said solemnly, "nothing."

"Oh, it is too horrible, too cruel!" cried the young man in a sudden burst of despair, unbending his grief-laden heart to the woman he knew was his master's best friend. "To see him lying there, Lady Betty—without a sign of life, and only the day before yesterday he was full of energy and had recovered his health and strength, and was going back to work, back to his old life,

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"SYSTEMATIC STARVATION."

Why not disfranchise all men whose children have to be fed at school?

Even if they are really unable to feed their offspring, they ought not to be allowed to vote.

They are useless burdens to the community, and should have no voice in its affairs.
King's Bench-walk, Temple. A BARRISTER.

POSTMEN'S UNIFORM.

Could not something be done to improve our postmen's uniform?

Nothing looks worse than a tunic which makes a man look round-shouldered. These postmen's tunics are just the reverse of military tunics. Instead of there being plenty of room in the chest they bulge out at the back.

There are many Army reservists in the Post Office service. After being used to smart-fitting clothes they object to looking like hobbled-hoys.

MAJOR R.A. (Retired).

SMOKING IN THE HOME.

"A Woman Whom Smoking Disgusts" does not seem to realise that there is a right as well as a wrong way to smoke.

A person who will drink boiling coffee must expect to burn his mouth, so a man who blows smoke into his own eyes must expect to injure his eyesight.

The remark about the "chimney-pot" is far too ridiculous. One might just as well say that had man been intended to ride a bicycle he would have been born with a pair of wheels on his feet.

VIVIAN P. BOND.

JU-JITSU AT HOME.

There is every possibility of learning Ju-jitsu at home, providing one has an intelligent friend to practise with.

The most up-to-date text-book on the subject is "Ju-jitsu—What It Really Is," by Apollo (William Bankier), Vine-street, Holborn, 55.
Harpenden. E. F. BIRCH.

The best text-book on Ju-jitsu I know is issued by H. Irving Hancock, and can be obtained from Gale and Polden, 2, Amen-corner, E.C., price 5s.

There should not be much difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of this style of wrestling, if two make a study of the aforementioned book. H. DUFFELL.
Smethwick, Birmingham.

FLIRTING OR FRIENDSHIP?

I do not agree with "A Woman Who Has Suffered," and who says that men's vanity leads them to suppose every woman is in love with them. The reverse is the case. It is the woman who imagines a man is head over heels in love with her merely because he is sociable.

No wonder men are so careful when they realise women have these illusions.

GEORGE BUTCHER.

All women, all good-looking women, at any rate, are flirts—either actual or potential. And it is natural this should be so.

The object of woman's existence is to find a man to protect her and feed her and give her children to bring up. Flirting is just her way of throwing out hooks to catch men.

When women are not good-looking or strange-looking enough to attract men by flirting, they try other occupations, but they are not content—hard.
HARDWICKE-CRESSCENT, S.W.

back to his magnificent plans, and his masterly schemes, and his myriad interests! Oh, if he had only not taken this last trip! If he had only been content to start for home yesterday! How I curse that place that he had taken a fancy to and wanted to see again!"

The young man was beside himself with grief. The doctor laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Don't give way," he said kindly. "You will want all your strength."

Lady Betty remembered that Tony had told her that he was going once more to visit the little chapel in the mountains, where he had parted from Joan. She remembered it with a shudder. It seemed as if it had been meant from all time to be a place of doom.

"How did the accident happen?" she asked.

"It was a dog," groaned the secretary. "A dog ran before the car, and he swerved aside and the tyre burst."

His words were interrupted by a terrible, heart-broken sob. Their eyes turned to Vanna, who had been standing like a statue, but now raised a face stricken with such anguish as none of them had ever seen before.

"A dog," she murmured almost deliriously. "He gave his life for a dog! And I would have given mine for him—a thousand times!"

A hush fell on them. The woman herself seemed unaware of their presence.

Lady Betty turned quietly to the secretary.

"This lady is an old friend of Mr. Heron's," she said. "The news was a terrible shock to her."

Frank Williams did not seem to hear her. Only the doctor, who was a stranger to them all, and whose mind was not obscured by personal grief, realised that the look on her face was the look of a woman who had lost everything in the world, and thought of that other woman, whom he had

(Continued on page 11.)

THE Cod's Secret

IT is a curious but withal a well-proven fact that the oil taken from the liver of the cod possesses a healing and a strengthening power far beyond that of any other oil or fat the world produces. Moreover, no chemist has ever yet succeeded in making cod liver oil artificially. This is an additional proof of its unique properties. The drawback is that cod liver oil in its untreated state is both indigestible and repulsive. In Scott's Emulsion these difficulties are completely surmounted by the Scott process and the healing value of the oil, so far from being diminished thereby, is increased threefold.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

enters directly into the structural fat of the body, and this

is why it is such a splendid food in all illnesses where 'BUILDING UP' is required, especially in the early stages of consumption.



You may like to taste Scott's Emulsion for yourself; if so, send to-day for a free sample bottle and "The Spirit of the Sunshine" mentioning this paper and enclosing ad. (for postage) to SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter St., E.C. London.



A SMART IDEA!

Is to write a postcard asking for free patterns of our famous 21s. Suits, absolutely guaranteed made to measure (valued by our customers at 23 8s.). Trousers to measure at 6s. Superfine quality Suits at 27s. 6d. Just send at once for our Spring and Summer (1905) patterns and compare the quality and price with that of your ordinary tailor. You will be astonished. We will also send you, absolutely free of charge, tape measure, fashion plate, and full instructions how to measure yourself. Money returned if you are not satisfied. Call or write.

CURZON BROS.

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LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER LXIV.

That even the weariest river flows somewhere safe to sea.

"I am going with you," Vanna said. Her voice was hardly audible. Her eyes had the most fearful look in them that Lady Betty had ever seen. She was one of those to whom no blow is ever softened by a kind of stupor of the brain; her acute senses took in the catastrophe in its fullest, most terrible meaning.

"No, no," said the elder woman quickly. "Don't come—it can do no good. He is unconscious, the letter says. He may not recover consciousness—"

"He is going to die," Vanna put in. She was not excited; she was frightfully calm. "I am going to him. Nothing could keep me away."

"My dear, think—it is another person's house! Everybody knows that I am his friend. But you—"

"Is it a time to think of such things, Lady Betty? Would I not go to him if it meant eternal damnation? How can you?"

Lady Betty was silent for a moment, and then touched a bell and gave the order that the motor-car was to be got ready immediately. Then they both went to their rooms to put on their things.

When they met in the hall Lady Betty told a servant to tell Miss Tempest that she and Mrs. Tempest had gone out in the motor-car for a little while. It so happened that the girl was alone in the house, as Billy had that very morning gone to

J.P. Those suffering from weaknesses which destroy the pleasures of life should take Juvén Pills. One box will tell a story of marvellous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent post-paid in plain package only on receipt of this adv. and 4s. 6d. C. I. Hood and Co., Ltd., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Dept. 32, 84, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

INFANT PRODIGIES.

They Grow in Number Year by Year—Most Are Musical.

The infant prodigy, like the poor, is with us always. He varies in age, instrument—he is almost always a musician prodigy—and ability, but he is invariably greater, for some reason, than any predecessor.

Last night saw the first appearance in England of yet the latest, Mischa Elman, the twelve-year-old Russian peasant boy. His concert at Queen's Hall proved him to be almost all that comes from Berlin, where he last appeared, had foretold.

He began playing on a toy violin when he was five, and at ten had made a name for himself. Last year he was already playing at concerts in St. Petersburg.

In his case, as in almost all others, his musical talent is hereditary. His two grandfathers and his father all played the violin. His younger sister, aged eight, also plays, while a yet younger sister, a singer, is spoken of as the real family prodigy. As she is not yet three there seems to be good reason for calling her an infant prodigy. They seem to grow younger each year.

Over sixty years ago Dr. Joachim electrified the musical world as a wonderful Hungarian child violinist. At eight he had a reputation; at twelve he was famous.

Mark Hambourg began his career as a pianist, by making his debut at Moscow at the age of eight and a half. When the infant prodigy period was over he disappeared for a time, to reappear about ten years ago.

HOFFMANN'S GREAT SUCCESS.

Joseph Hoffmann's first public appearance was at Warsaw, at the age of seven.

At the age of twelve, when he came to England, in 1887, he created a furore and drew crowds to the St. James's Hall which have only been rivalled by Paderewski.

From England he went to America, where his success was even greater. The prices for his concerts were enormous.

Jean Gerardy, the Belgian violinist, made his first appearance in London in 1890, at the age of twelve and a half, and surprised everybody by phenomenal execution.

But it is during the last two years that musical prodigies have been most numerous and most fitted.

Florizel von Reuter, the violinist and composer of twelve years old, is a special pet and protégé of the Queen of Roumania, and keeps up a constant correspondence with her, speaks of Queen Alexandra as "my sweetest Queen," and has been fêted in half the palaces of Europe. His musical career started when he was only eight.

His first appearance in England was at the Royal Albert Hall last year, when he played and conducted a symphony of his own composition.

Little Mac Dorewski, who started writing waltzes at the age of five, is another of the present band of infant prodigies. He did not become known at the time, but a couple of years ago, at the age of eight, he conducted some of these early compositions of his on Mr. Dan Godfrey's band at Bournemouth, and last year he conducted the famous American band, "the Kilties," at the Royal Albert Hall.

One of the greatest of the present prodigies is Franz von Vecsey, the Hungarian boy violinist. At

the age of eleven he has created a record for infant prodigy. Kobbelt's last American tour brought him about £20,000. Little Franz von Vecsey is at present on an American tour, on which he will make about £14,000 in many fewer performances.

He came to England from St. Petersburg with special recommendations from the Tsaritsa to Queen Alexandra, and was received at Buckingham Palace twice in a month.

Of lesser lights there are many. Miss Vivien Chartres, an English prodigy on the violin, aroused great interest and enthusiasm in Prague only this week. She has reached the mature age of nine.

Miss Maud MacCarthy made her appearance as a little Irish girl of ten, about ten years ago, and has been adding to her reputation as a violinist ever since.

Paula and Flora Hegner, two Viennese sisters, aged twelve and fourteen, astonished London last year. Paula at the age of five was well known in Vienna, and made her first public appearance six months later.

Once out of the realms of music, prodigies are not so common. The Vicomte de Soissons, aged sixteen, held an exhibition of his paintings at the Doré Gallery last autumn, and yesterday we published a poem by a little girl of thirteen, Violet M. Firih.

Her record as a poetess is beaten, however, by Julia Corley, who published a book of poems at the age of six.

Child preachers have been many, notably a half-caste boy who surprised England a short time ago. He came from America.

America has also produced a boy editor, Tello d'Aperi, who edited a weekly paper with success and took a marked interest in charitable work.

LATEST INFANT PRODIGY.



Mischa Elman, the thirteen-year-old Russian violinist, who appeared at the Queen's Hall last night.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

seen this morning, haggard and wild-eyed, led out of this house almost by force.

Lady Lame had been implored to go by Frank Williams, and by the man who had been with her on the motor-car, but it was her friend, Lady Lucy Treherne, the heart of the villa, who had finally persuaded her that to stay was only to risk her reputation and for nothing.

"You can do no good," Lady Lucy had said insistently. "It was all right your staying the one night. I am your friend, and I will say that your nerves had received such a shock that I had to keep you. But you must go now."

"But I want to be near him," the unhappy woman had wailed. "I must be near him."

"My dear," her friend had said, "you would ruin the whole of your life—and for what? My poor dear—he cannot live."

So she had gone at last. Captain Majendie, who had been driving her on his car, had gone back to Monte Carlo, where he was staying, on the night of the accident, and informed her sister, who was with her, of what had happened, and that Lady Lame was so upset that she would stay the night with Lady Lucy. Early this morning he had come back to fetch her, and borne her away, with an intense pity in his heart, and many exhortations to her to pull herself together. And so she had left the dying man whom she had loved secretly with the hopeless passion of an undisciplined and wayward but loyal nature, and whom she would mourn for ever in her heart.

And now another woman had come, with just such wild anguish in her heart, but a woman this time whom no worldly consideration would move, who cared for nothing, not her best nor her future, to whom nothing in the whole world mattered now but that Anthony Heron was lying upstairs at the very

gates of death, a woman so hopeless, so determined, so desperate, that not even Lady Lucy Treherne herself could have induced her to leave the house.

She and Lady Betty were conducted into a room on the ground floor, while the doctor went back to his patient, and the secretary proceeded to the melancholy task of looking at the shoals of telegrams and messages of condolence and sympathy that were already pouring in, no one having been told as yet how hopeless was the great man's condition, and how little heed he could pay to any voice of this world.

The doctor had refused to allow the women to go up to the sick room. It was of no use, he said, and the nurses must not be disturbed in their ceaseless and vigilant watch.

So Lady Betty and Vanna sat in the pretty room, with the sun streaming in to mock their grief; they sat silent and immovable, absorbed in that most ghastly effort of endurance—waiting to hear the worst.

Lady Lucy considerably did not attempt to intrude on their sorrow. She had sent a kind message immediately after they arrived, placing the entire house at Lady Betty's disposal. She herself was obliged to go out in the afternoon, and she hoped that Lady Betty would make use of house and servants as if they were her own.

Once or twice, as the long hours dragged themselves wearily out, minute by minute, second by second, Lady Betty murmured to the other woman:

"I wish you would go back to Joan."

But Vanna shook her head.

"I am so terrified that she will hear."

But Vanna had forgotten Joan and the whole world. Food was served to them. Vanna would not have touched it, but Lady Betty, whose practical nature asserted itself even in the midst of her terrible grief, made her swallow some wine and a few morsels of chicken.

HER MAJESTY'S VOYAGE.

Pleasure of Being at Sea Spoilt by

"Mal de Mer."

There is unfortunately no doubt that Queen Alexandra has suffered severely from sea-sickness on her much-interrupted voyage to Lisbon. Her Majesty has never been a good sailor, and it is only her acute sense of duty which makes her go to sea at all.

Naturally she takes a keen interest in the proposals that are made from time to time with the object of preventing this painful malady. So far, however, none of these have been of much good.

Old travellers can remember the steamers Calais-Douvres and Castalia on the Channel service. The former was merely a vessel with two hulls, a contrivance which was supposed to minimise the rolling and pitching. The Castalia was fitted with a swinging saloon, but though the rolling of the vessel was minimised, the pitching was inappreciably affected.

The latest invention, the self-levelling swinging berth invented by Mr. Whitehead, seems the most promising mechanical anti-sea-sickness device.

Those who are specially subject to sea-sickness will find that a common-sense preliminary treatment before a voyage will prove as efficacious as any mechanical contrivance or any drug. Simple diet plus a mild aperient is all that is required.

Nerves, no doubt, have much to do with mal-de-mer, and should a ship be really in danger sea-sick passengers seem automatically cured. Imagination, too, plays an important part. Babies, for instance, who are unable to appreciate their environment suffer less than grown-up people.

"THE THIEVES' COMEDY."

Brilliant Acting in a Sketch of German Low Life at the Court Theatre.

No one can present more exact or more amusing sketches of German character than Gerhard Hauptmann, whose play, "Der Biberpelz," is the latest production of the Barker-Vedreine management at the little Sloane-square theatre.

There is very little plot in the piece. It simply shows up an "honest" washwoman, who manages her thefts so cleverly that she is never discovered, nor even suspected, and surrounds her with odd village characters and comic types.

But the acting and the detail is so realistic that a large audience was held spellbound.

Where every character was thoroughly well played, it is hard to award special praise, but Miss Rosina Filippi bore the brunt of the work as the washwoman, and did it to perfection.

Everyone who is fond of really clever acting should make a point of seeing this piece.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE OLD CAMPIONMENT, with other stories of India and elsewhere, by B. M. Croker. Methuen, 6s. As there are seventeen stories all, it is to be noticed that they have that merit, so rare in short stories, of being short. The modern short story is usually not short, and often not a story.

PETER THE PARASITE, by E. Maria Allamendi. A new edition. Methuen, 6s. This makes the third, and the second this year. "Peter the Parasite" has found much favour, clearly.

HINDU AND TITANIKAI, a Maori legend, with other stories and some verses, by Rathnall Wilson. The United Press Association, 2s. 6d. There is much more poetry than legend, but the book is nicely got up on good paper, and with a simple parchment cover.

Afterwards Lady Betty paced up and down the room with restless footsteps. Frank Williams came in and reported once or twice. There was no change.

At last Lady Betty could stand it no longer.

"I cannot rest for thinking of Joan," she exclaimed. "My dear Mrs. Tempest, you must go back to her."

"I cannot leave the place," Vanna answered.

"But she needs you."

"He is dying."

"My dear, everything is being done for him. You can do nothing. And Joan is all one, and she is so young, and she has suffered so much. Suppose she hears? Billy will be coming back from Marseilles this evening. He is bound to hear. He will tell her—he knows no reason why he should not. And the servants! She will wonder what we are doing, away from the villa all day. Someone is bound to tell her."

But Vanna only shook her head.

"If you won't go," cried Lady Betty desperately, "I must. I cannot leave the child alone. I should never forgive myself if anything were to happen."

Still Vanna said nothing, and Lady Betty rose with a deep sigh and went out of the room. In the hall she met the secretary.

"I have to go for a little while," she explained hurriedly. "There is something I must do. I will come back."

He glanced towards the door of the room that Lady Betty had just left.

"Why can't she go?" he asked. "You ought to be here, Lady Betty. If he should recover consciousness—he would be sure to ask for you."

"I don't think so," she said sadly. "She—won't go. Nothing will induce her."

"Does she love him?" the young man asked simply.

(Continued on page 13.)

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WHAT FRESH AIR AND WATER WILL DO.

"Here is Julia," said Belinda, suddenly interrupting the conversation between her mother and Mrs. Templer. "I wonder what is the matter with her? Her eyes seem glued to the ground, and she droops her head as though some great sorrow had befallen her."

But on entering the drawing-room Julia denied the accusation of melancholy.

"The fact is, Julia," said Mrs. Templer, "you are spoiling the shape of your neck by that continual droop of the head. You may think it has a pensive and thoughtful appearance, but I warn you that unless you carry your head erect, the muscles of your neck will all become flabby, and in a few years' time your throat will be one mass of wrinkles."

At a sign from Mrs. Templer Belinda came forward and stood with chin upright and head erect.

"And now, Julia," continued Mrs. Templer, "I am going to make Belinda do her neck exercises, and I should advise you to practise the same, as you droop your head far too much and spoil the shape of your throat. Come, Belinda, take off the lace tie that is round your neck and show Julia how you practise your exercises."

In a moment Belinda was standing upright, her knees rigid and her feet at right angles. With a slow movement she stretched her neck backwards as far as possible, then extended it first to one side and then to the other, trying to lay her head on her shoulder, as it were, and finally drew her chin in close to her throat. These exercises she performed several times, and Julia saw clearly how they all tended to give the neck a lissom and swanlike appearance.

The Bag of Sand.

"Every day I make Belinda carry a bag of sand on her head," said Mrs. Templer, who was noted for the graceful poise of her head. "At first she found it quite difficult to walk up and down the room without dropping it, but in a few weeks' time she will have enormously strengthened the muscles of her neck and have acquired a good carriage."

"Will you give me a good skin food for my throat and face?" asked Julia. "My neck is so very thin and scraggy."

"Lanolin is one of the best skin foods," said Mrs. Templer, "but everyone cannot use it, as it has a tendency to encourage the growth of superfluous hair. An excellent skin food made without lanolin consists of four ounces of sweet almond oil melted with one ounce of spermaceti and one ounce of white wax. Then dissolve one and a half drachms of pulverised borax in half an ounce of orange flower water, and one and a half ounces of glycerine, and add these to the melted ingredients. Just before the mass hardens add one drop of oil of neroli to perfume it."

"I notice that Julia's complexion has improved greatly," remarked Belinda's mother, critically surveying her eldest daughter. "What have you been using, Julia?"

Julia blushed slightly. "A very simple thing," she said, smiling at Mrs. Templer. "You will never guess why my skin looks clearer and less muddy."

"Tell me what it is, and I will try it," pleaded her mother. "I can't say how pleased I am to see

you and Belinda look such different girls. You are both brighter and ten times better looking than you were."

As Julia still smiled in a tantalising way Mrs. Templer proceeded to enlighten the mother.



"The truth is that Julia has simply remembered to wash her face every night before going to bed, and has slept with her windows open," she said. "You would be surprised at the number of women who omit these two necessary qualifications for a good complexion. It never seems to occur to them to remember that the pores of the skin should be thoroughly well cleansed every night, and that the room should be well ventilated."

"Yes, I confess my skin has become much clearer since I washed my face every night," said Julia. "I boil some water, then dissolve a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in it, take a clean piece of flannel—not a sponge—dip it in the hot water and then on some good cold cream, and carefully rub every portion of my face with it. I am simply shocked to see the amount of grime that comes off my face, even though it has looked comparatively clean."

Bage and Lemon Juice.

Then I bathe my face in the hot water, finishing off by rubbing it well with cold water. After that I dry it well, friction it with a Turkish towel till it becomes quite red, and then I massage it with skin food until all the grease is absorbed, and finally I dust it over with a little boracic powder."

"And shall I follow the same method?" eagerly asked Belinda's mother. "I am afraid that I have never practised such a thorough course of ablutions every night. Is it too late to improve my skin?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Templer promptly. "But, as your skin is a little oily, I should advise you twice a week to wash your face at night with a flannel first dipped in hot water and then in a beaten-up white of egg in which has been dissolved a little lemon juice. You will find this acts as an astringent and an excellent cleanser of the skin, and I am sure it will take away the oily appearance."

"There is another thing with which I am troubled," said the mother after a pause. "I suffer very much from tender feet. What can I do to remedy that affliction?"

"Bathe the feet every night in hot water, and a little soda, dry them well, and rub the soles with methylated spirit," replied Mrs. Templer. "You will find that your feet will become far less sensitive after a fortnight's treatment."

"And when you bathe your feet," interposed Belinda, "don't forget to rub the soles and heels with pumice stone covered with soap. This makes them most beautifully smooth and polished."

(To be continued. The preceding articles of this group appeared in the issues of the "Daily Mirror" of February 1, 7, 12, 24, and March 3 and 13.)

The toilette illustrated on the left shows a very pretty edition of the pelisse costume to be materialised in seaweed green cloth, with ecoutache trimmings that introduce a little chrome colour and ivory buttons.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

Lady Betty nodded, and went out to her motor-car, which she had given instructions, was to be kept in readiness to start at any moment.

Vanna sat on alone. She did not know how the time passed; she did not notice that the sun was setting in a flood of crimson. She was suffering from the tortures of the damned. There was nothing to soften her misery, to touch it with the radiance of eternal hope. She only knew that he was dying, leaving this world, going out into the Great Unknown. There was nothing beyond; these were the uttermost depths. All the years of suffering, of loneliness, of longing—and this the end; a hideous accident—this one great, beloved, irresponsible man, dying—and a little dog lying on its short and useless paws. It was frightful; it turned her to stone; her soul blasphemed against the Power that could let such things be.

Presently the doctor came in. His face was no less grave; but at last he came with the news that they had all been waiting for.

"He has recovered consciousness—I don't know how long it will last."

"Will he get well?" she asked breathlessly.

"There is no hope. His brain is quite clear; but the end cannot be far off."

"I must go to him." She rose to her feet. The doctor did not try to prevent her. If he had she would have fought to get into that chamber of death with tooth and nail, if it had been necessary.

He followed her upstairs, and indicated the door. Vanna crept in. It was an airy chamber, all white, with walls and ceiling daintily painted. The bed was of carved and gilded wood, the fantastic curves of it in grim contrast to the man who lay propped up on the silken pillows.

There were two sisters of charity, one on either

side of him; one of them was silently telling her beads.

Vanna's eyes were riveted on his face. There was nothing to shock or alarm her. He only looked very white, a greyish white, and his dark eyes burned with a strange, unearthly light.

He knew her at once, and he whispered her name.

The doctor, who knew that there was nothing to be done, signed to the nurses to follow him, and withdrew.

Vanna fell on her knees.

"Oh, Tony, I can't bear it!" she murmured, and suddenly a great storm of convulsive sobbing shook her from head to foot. "I can't bear it!"

"It doesn't matter," he said. His voice was a mere thread. "I'd just as soon—now, really, just as soon."

He smiled, and she buried her face in her hands, because she could not bear the sight.

OUR POWERFUL NEW SERIAL STORY—

Commences on

FRIDAY NEXT.

A pure unadulterated food.

ONE CUP of PLASMON Cocoa

contains more Nutriments than 1-lb. Beef, or ten cups of ordinary Cocoa, and is free from chemicals.

Aids Digestion. Braces the Nerves.

To Asthma Instant relief is found in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough, by the use of **POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE**. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists in Fins at 1s. Test it free of charge. Send postcard to POTTER, 40, CLAPHAM, Wholesale Druggists, Artillery Lane, London, E.C.4. Free Sample. Kindly mention the paper.

Sufferers

Icilma.

Icilma Natural Water is a marvellous, painless remedy for styed, sore eyes, chilblains, chaps, nettle-rash, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns and insect stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from heat, rubs, or wetness.

Icilma Eau de Cologne contains no grease, and its cleansing virtues make the skin healthy, transparent, free from roughness, wrinkles, and superfluous hair, and give a lovely clear complexion that needs no powder.

Icilma Soap is a most effective hair and scalp restorative, and for all skin irritations, and is a revelation of what a toilet and medicinal soap can be. Its marvellous healing and purifying powers, its refreshing effects when tired, irritated, or worn, its absolute harmlessness, make ICILMA a necessity in every home and to every traveller.

Water 12s., Cream 12s., Soap 10s.

Send 5d. stamp for samples Soap and Cream, and Booklet with Coupon.

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London

SUPREME IN QUALITY

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

UNRIVALLED IN DELICACY OF FLAVOUR

Vitalia

Makes Flesh and Blood

The finest tonic and energiser in Anemia, debility, and wasting diseases. Send a coupon today, and you will receive a penny stamp for postage (mentioning *Daily Mirror*) to VITALIA, Ltd., 5, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.4.

What is L.F. NO. 1?

TWO FARTHING.

Let, M. stamp on a postcard addressed to us, with bringing you from sample of Lining CATESBY'S CORK LINO—the regular material which covers floors in the most perfect way. Are your floors covered in the most perfect way possible? They are not if the kitchen, the bedroom, the hall, etc., are carpeted, or covered with oilcloth, for the former makes dust, and the latter means dirt and labour. Try CATESBY'S CORK LINO. It has hours no dust, keeps dirt away, and needs very little cleaning. Write for free samples, then buy on Easy Terms, or secure the cash discount we allow of 2s. in the £. We pay carriage.

CATESBY'S CORK LINO.

Yds. Yds.	A Quality.	B Quality.
3 by 3	18s. 9d.	18s. 0d.
3 by 3	18s. 9d.	21 1s. 0d.
2 by 3	18s. 9d.	21 1s. 0d.
3 by 4	21 1s. 0d.	21 1s. 0d.
4 by 6	21 1s. 0d.	21 1s. 0d.

CATESBY & SONS, THE HOME OF CORK LINO (DEPT. W), 64-67, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

(To be continued.)

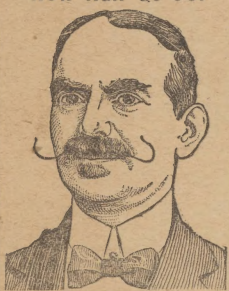
"Hair Grown on Heads which have been Bald for Years."

This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility, but I set it forward to your attention as being the main feature of hundreds of recommendatory letters which have reached me. I have culled a few such letters from my extensive files, and invite your perusal. They are all genuine,

and open to fullest investigation, and were sent to me voluntarily. I have omitted to print the complete name and address in most instances for obvious reasons, but every letter can be shown and perused at my London Office. To every thinking person this unsolicited testimony must carry conviction.

READ THESE REMARKABLE LETTERS:—

New Hair at 53.



95, Crippin-street, Spitalfields.
John Craven-Burleigh, Esq.—For many years the hair on my head had been falling out, and I had used all sorts of so-called restorers in vain, including nearly a dozen bottles of one widely-advertised liquid remedy. These had no effect. Having heard of the great cure effected by the John Craven-Burleigh hair-growing preparation, I gave yours a trial. The results made me very happy. The growth was steady and positive. I have pleasure in enclosing my photograph, which has just been taken at the age of 53 years, and which you may use if you wish. I certainly advise all persons needing a true hair grower to use yours. It will surely prove successful.
JOHN V. COEVORDEN.

5459 "BALD AS A BILLIARD BALL."

Burnley, Manchester.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I have tried many other preparations and might as well have rubbed a lamp-post with them, but your preparation has actually caused my hair to grow within a week, though my head was almost as bald as a billiard ball.
JAMES T. PEARSON (Engineer).

4295 NEW HAIR AFTER 7 YEARS.

Salford, Manchester.
Dear Sir—Your letter to hand. No one could have more faith than I in your hair grower. The Trial Box has already done much good, one can see new hair already. My hair has been off for seven years. If your pomade brings my hair on it will advertise itself. I am telling all my friends about it.

4403 LITTLE GIRL BALD 7 YEARS.

Shipton-on-Stour.
Sir—I am writing to tell you of the splendid results from using your hair grower. My little girl lost all her hair when she was between one and two years old, and for more than seven years was totally bald. I also have a boy younger whose hair commenced falling in exactly the same way. We tried every preparation for the hair that we heard of for quite seven years, without the slightest result, until I saw yours advertised. I am just using the large tin, and the boy's hair has stopped falling and the patches are filling in. The little girl's head is almost entirely covered with strong brown hair; all over the front it is three or four inches long, but is slower growing at the back. I need scarcely tell you how delighted we are, and she is so pleased to have hair of her own that she takes her wig off and shows it to anyone who knew she was bald. She does not wear the wig much now, and will soon be able to do without it entirely. I have still one tin by me, but shall send for more when that is gone.
S. J. HOLLIER.

9413 BALD FOR 30 YEARS.

Bromsgrove.
Dear Sir—I am pleased to tell you that my hair is now growing very nicely indeed again after being bald for over thirty years. I think it is one of the wonders of the day, and I feel very proud to tell you that you can advertise this and show the public the value of your hair growing formula. For after I had tried many other things, that cost me, I may say, pounds, every one had failed but yours.
C. PRICE.

6071 BALD FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

Rotherhithe.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Will you kindly send me a box of your hair grower, which I enclose P.O. The Trial Box you sent me has had a wonderful effect, for hair is now growing on the fore part of my head, which has been quite bald for several years. I shall certainly recommend you at every opportunity.
JOHN SANDERSON.

22163 BALD 35 YEARS.

Brighton.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I duly received your parcel on the 18th ult. and beg to say that after using your box of pomade three nights, was much surprised to find that a new growth was plainly apparent. This, after a period of thirty-five years, is truly remarkable and very encouraging.
WALTER STEWART.

17182 ACTED LIKE MAGIC.

Portobello, Edinburgh.
Dear Sir—I am delighted with the result of using your hair-growing pomade. For many years I have had great annoyance with my hair. I thought of trying your preparation, and my head can now boast of a plentiful covering. The thing has acted very much like magic.
CATHERINE MCGREGOR.

Quite Long and Thick.



83, Black Lion-lane, Hammer-smith, W.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Two years ago the hair came off the back of my head, leaving a place the size of a five-shilling piece. I tried two other hair-growing preparations for some months without the least benefit. Six months ago I saw your advertisement. I decided to try a sample which you so kindly sent me. After using as directed for four nights, I asked my wife to see if there was any hair coming on the bare place, and to my surprise she said, "Yes, I can see more than a dozen hairs sprouting up." I finished up the box, and in less than a month the hair was as long and thick as on any other part of my head. I have told dozens about it, and given your address, and shall do my best in this way to thank you for what you have done for me.
C. SANGER.

15420 BALD FOR 12 YEARS.

A well-known London Editor writes—
Dear Sir—You may be interested to know that I have had a bald patch for the last twelve years, and never imagined that hair would grow on it. Last week, however, your advertisement appeared in my magazine, and curiosity prompted me to write you for a Trial Box of your preparation. Although quite sceptical, I used it for a few days, and before the tin was half empty, what was my surprise at finding a growth of hair almost covering the twelve-year-old bald patch. Now, I want you to let me have a large box to continue the treatment to a successful finale. I congratulate you on having introduced a hair grower which genuinely is a hair grower.

8179 BALD 20 YEARS.

Northcote-road, Wandsworth, Common, S.W.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Kindly forward me three boxes of your hair restorer. To inform you that I find great improvement. I am very pleased to tell you that there is quite a growth of hair where I was quite bald. I am recommending it to all I know.
M. SYM.

8207 BALD FOR MANY YEARS.

Barnham.
Dear Sir—After being bald on the top of my head for many years, and gradually getting worse after trying so many preparations, I am very pleased to tell you that there is quite a growth of hair where I was quite bald. I am recommending it to all I know.
M. SYM.

7012 BALD SINCE 14.

Durham.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I received your hair grower all right and have applied it according to instructions. I am very pleased to inform you that I find great improvement. I have been troubled with baldness for ten years, although I am only twenty-four. Sufficient improvement has been made since using your preparation to justify a full and proper trial. I am, therefore, forwarding P.O. for three boxes.
J. F. BROWN.

10263 YOUNG GIRL BALD 5 YEARS.

Withington, Manchester.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I am pleased to tell you that your pomade is simply marvellous. This is the case of a young girl fifteen years of age, and bald for about five years. We were quite weary of trying remedies that did not do one bit of good, until we bought a box of yours, the effect of which I have told you.
L. COFFEY.

DONE MORE THAN ANY OTHER REMEDY.

Eastwood, Notts.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I am very pleased indeed with your hair grower, and only wish that I could have had some of it years ago. I can safely say that your preparation has done more than any other I have ever used. I shall not forget to recommend your pomade to my friends.
GEORGE NEWTON.

2602 NEW HAIR AFTER 12 YEARS.

South Benfleet, Essex.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Will you please forward me three boxes of your preparation. I am greatly pleased with the effects of the last box that I have used. After having lost my hair between twelve and fifteen years, I find through using your preparation, that new hairs are beginning to show themselves, and the growth is proceeding most encouragingly.
A. COOMBS.

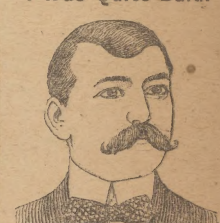
9245 HAIR LOST 14 YEARS AGO.

New Shoreham.
Dear Sir—Kindly send me three boxes of your preparation. The Trial Box you sent me has produced beyond my expectation as I thought my hair would never come back again, but I am thankful to say there is a nice growth of hair coming. I have been without hair on the top of my head about fourteen years or over. I think this result remarkable after all this time. G. DAW.

18021 NEW HAIR AFTER 16 YEARS.

Abbots Langley, Herts.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—A few weeks since you kindly sent my wife a free sample of your hair producing preparation. Well, that was for myself, and I do not mind telling you that I was somewhat prejudiced against such things, and at first would not use it. However, my wife persuaded me to try it. I have done so, and I can see a soft downy hair starting into growth, where none existed before, namely on the fore part of my head above the forehead. I am now sending you an order for more. My age is forty-one, and my hair began to weaken when I was twenty-five, and has since been gradually falling off.
JOHN P. DAVIES.

"I Was Quite Bald."



Rotherhithe.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—After using one tin of your valuable compound I am more than pleased with the result. For five or six years my hair had been falling off, and I was quite bald. I can assure you that I spent many pounds in buying preparations which professed to cure, and had given up in despair until a friend sent me a sample tin of your true hair grower. I tried it. The result was so satisfactory that I purchased a large box, and as a result of its use my hair is now growing splendidly. I am very sensitive upon the subject of hair, and have been accustomed to wear a cap at business, to cover the unsightliness, but now I don't mind, thanks to your hair-growing compound, as my head is now covered with hair.
E. EDWARDS.

Great Distribution of Large Trial Boxes.

GOOD FOR TEN DAYS TO READERS OF "DAILY MIRROR."

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me within ten days from this date I will send you a large TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps Only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

A Necessary Warning.

I consider it necessary, in view of the great increase in advertising of hair preparations, to point out that mine cannot do any injury whatever, and may be used in the fullest confidence. Those who are thoughtlessly tempted to try pills or other medicines, to be swallowed with the idea of producing hair, should first consult a reputable expert or medical man, otherwise the results may prove very harmful to the health. To take a strong preparation of iron (which these internal remedies really are) is liable under certain conditions to make very serious mischief, which will require a doctor's aid to overcome.

EXPERT ADVICE TO CALLERS FREE.

ADDRESS—
JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,

27w Craven House,
62, Opposite British Museum,
London.

LARGE TRIAL BOX COUPON.

"DAILY MIRROR," March 22nd, 1905.
Good for 10 Days from Date.

Cut this out and enclose full name and address with six stamps to
Mr. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,
62, Opposite British Museum,
London.

